

MARVEL

10

DORKIN

BOBILLO

SOŠA

AGENTS X



PART 1 OF 2!
READ THIS OR
WE'LL KICK YOUR
GUTS OUT!



AGENT X

FAX COVER SHEET

FAX TO: BEVERLY LACOCO

FROM: KENNY LIEBMAN (THE HOODED EYE)

DATE: May 23, 2003

RE: 

YOUR NOTE HERE

Bev -

Good news, sweetie!

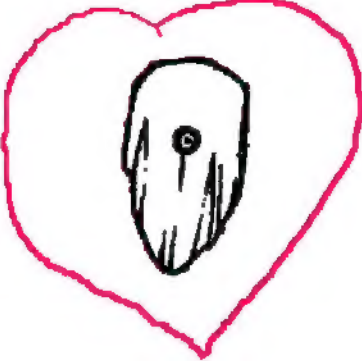
I think I may have found someone to take care of "you-know-who" for us.

I just got off the phone with The Shiv, and while he told me The Taskmaster is no longer taking on fieldwork, he is in contact with an outfit called Agency X that provides similar services, no questions asked. It's a small independent with two operatives, Sandi Brandenburg and Alex Hayden (a.k.a. Agent X. How tacky is that?). Brandenburg has mainly worked on the sidelines but is said to be smart, dependable and trustworthy. Hayden's their main triggerman, apparently obnoxious as hell but also highly efficient and tenacious. And his ability to heal rapidly from severe injuries is a real plus given our particular target. Despite a puerile sense of humor and god-awful taste in music, he comes highly recommended. So, I think we should give them a try. I agree with you that we shouldn't use anyone local; given the upcoming election it might cause too many problems if things went wrong.

The Taskmaster isn't on the best of terms with X at the moment, but The Shiv thinks he'll play ball considering the money we're offering. I don't think we should give him too many details about "you-know-who", considering how hard it's been to get anyone to agree to come out to Delta City. If Agency X is as good as their press, they'll figure out a way to deal with our little problem (and then we'll deal with them, of course).

If all goes well we could get them out here within a day or two. I've already bought a bottle of champagne.

Love,
Kenny XOXO



P.S. I also spoke to the Doctor today - he's fairly optimistic the operation can proceed sometime this fall. Fingers crossed, baby - this is going to be our year!
P.P.S. Don't forget, dinner tonight with the Mayor. Wear your white dress. You know which one.



MATHEMATICALLY, THE LETTER "X" STANDS FOR AN UNKNOWN OR VARIABLE QUANTITY. BUT IN THE DANGEROUS WORLD OF THE MODERN-DAY GUN-FOR-HIRE, IT STANDS FOR ALEX HAYDEN, THE MAN WITH NO PAST. UNINTERESTED IN THE MYSTERY OF HIS OWN BEGINNINGS, AGENT X IS DETERMINED TO TAKE HIS POSITION AS THE WORLD'S DEADLIEST, AND HIGHEST PAID, MERCENARY...

AGENT X

IF AT
FIRST
YOU
DON'T
SUCCEED...
DIE,
DIE
AGAIN!

Writer-EVAN DORKIN
Pencils-JUAN BOBILLO
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Color-CHRIS CHUCKRY
Letters-CORY PETIT
Editor-ANDREW LIS
Editor in Chief-JOE QUESADA
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Say, you're not *honey*. You're not even a bit o'honey.

You're the *Taskmaster*, America's least-favorite overcompensating action parasite and all-around manipulative *dirtbag*!

Alex? *hic* --Jeez, what the hell happened to *you*?

I mean, not that I really *care*, but you look like *crap*. *Smell* like it, too.

All in the line of duty, Tony.

You can tell our client there really *was* a *Chupacabra death cult* performing sacrificial rituals down by the reservoir.

Man, they had it *all* going on! Blood rites, chanting, virgins, a big, scary monster --did I mention they had virgins?

Boy, you should have seen them virgins. They were so...virginal.

I would have been back sooner but I got my favorite foot hacked off during the highly exhilarating and extremely violent denouement.



HKSSS



Took a while for my healing factor to grow it back. I like the fit and the color but the toes aren't as perky as my old ones--

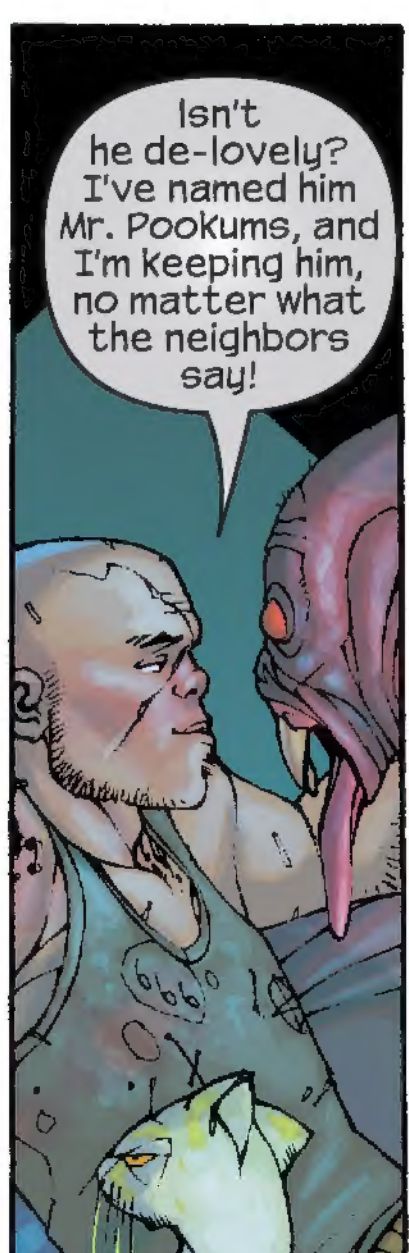
Cut the melodrama, Hayden. You probably just crashed another car--

Oh, you don't believe me, huh? Well, as the Rosicrucians used to say--

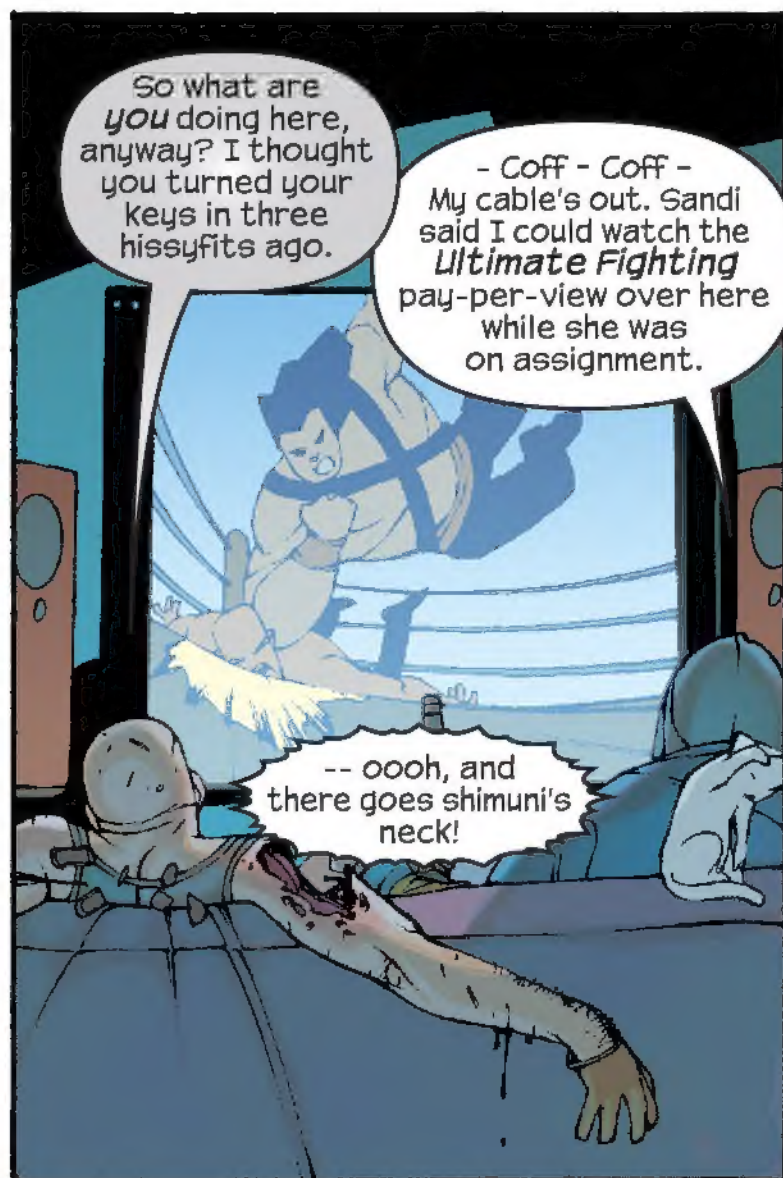


--The proof is in the icky-pooey burlap sack!

SPLURRK! MREEOWR!



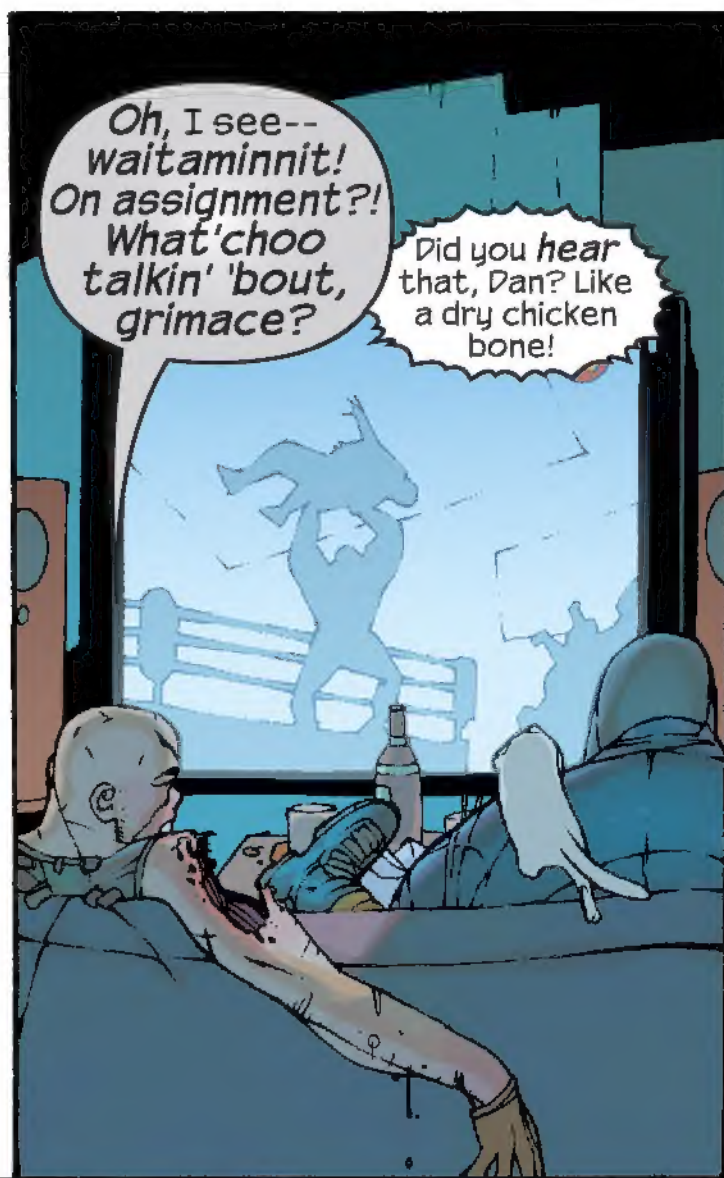
Isn't he de-lovely? I've named him Mr. Pookums, and I'm keeping him, no matter what the neighbors say!



So what are *you* doing here, anyway? I thought you turned your keys in three hissyfits ago.

- Coff - Coff -
My cable's out. Sandi said I could watch the *Ultimate Fighting* pay-per-view over here while she was on assignment.

-- oooh, and there goes shimuni's neck!



Oh, I see-- waitaminnit! On assignment?! What'choo talkin' 'bout, grimace?

Did you *hear* that, Dan? Like a dry chicken bone!



I'm talkin' about a *job*, a *hit*. Now can I *hic* watch my violence in *peace*, please?

Why, you numbskull-headed--! Sandi isn't an *assassin*! She's like, *assassin helper*! What are you trying to do, get her *killed*--?



Hey, i didn't *make* her go, she *wanted* to. You weren't here, you didn't call in, and the pay-off was too good to lose --

Yeah, well, I *couldn't* call in.

Why not?

Monster ate my phone.

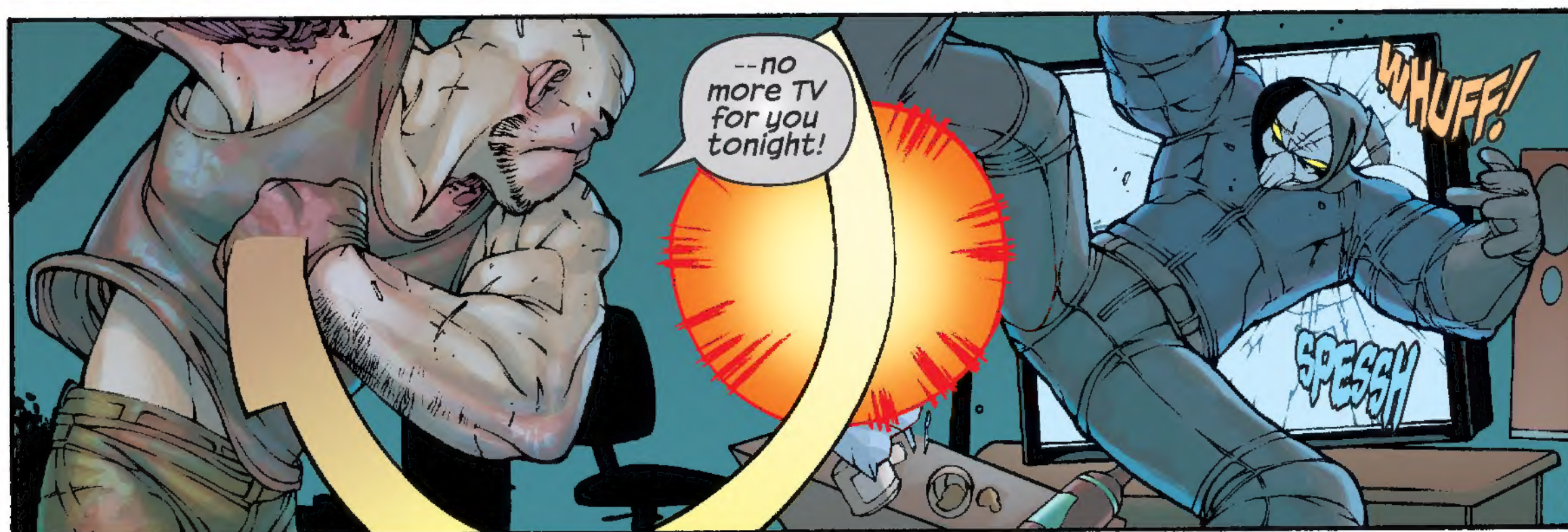


That's it! I've had it up to *here* with you treatin' me like I'm some kind of *chumpbag* substitute teacher!

I *trained* your @\$\$, *freakmeat*! You show me some respect or I'll *beat* it out of you!

Okay, *one* question first.
This fight we're about to have-- is it because you're still hung up on Sandi, because you hate my guts, or because you're a major *dillweed* ripe for plucking?







Hey, look!
It's *Operation*,
the *wacky mad*
doctor game!

Hmmm,
take out---
wrenched---

BREEP
BREEP

GSHLOOP



--cell
phone!

See,
stupid?!
I *wasn't*
lying!

BREEP

Agency X!
We liquidate while
you wait, walk-ins
our specialty!

Glarrf!



Alex?!

Sandi?
Hey, we were just
talking about you!
Guess what? Tony
broke your
TV--

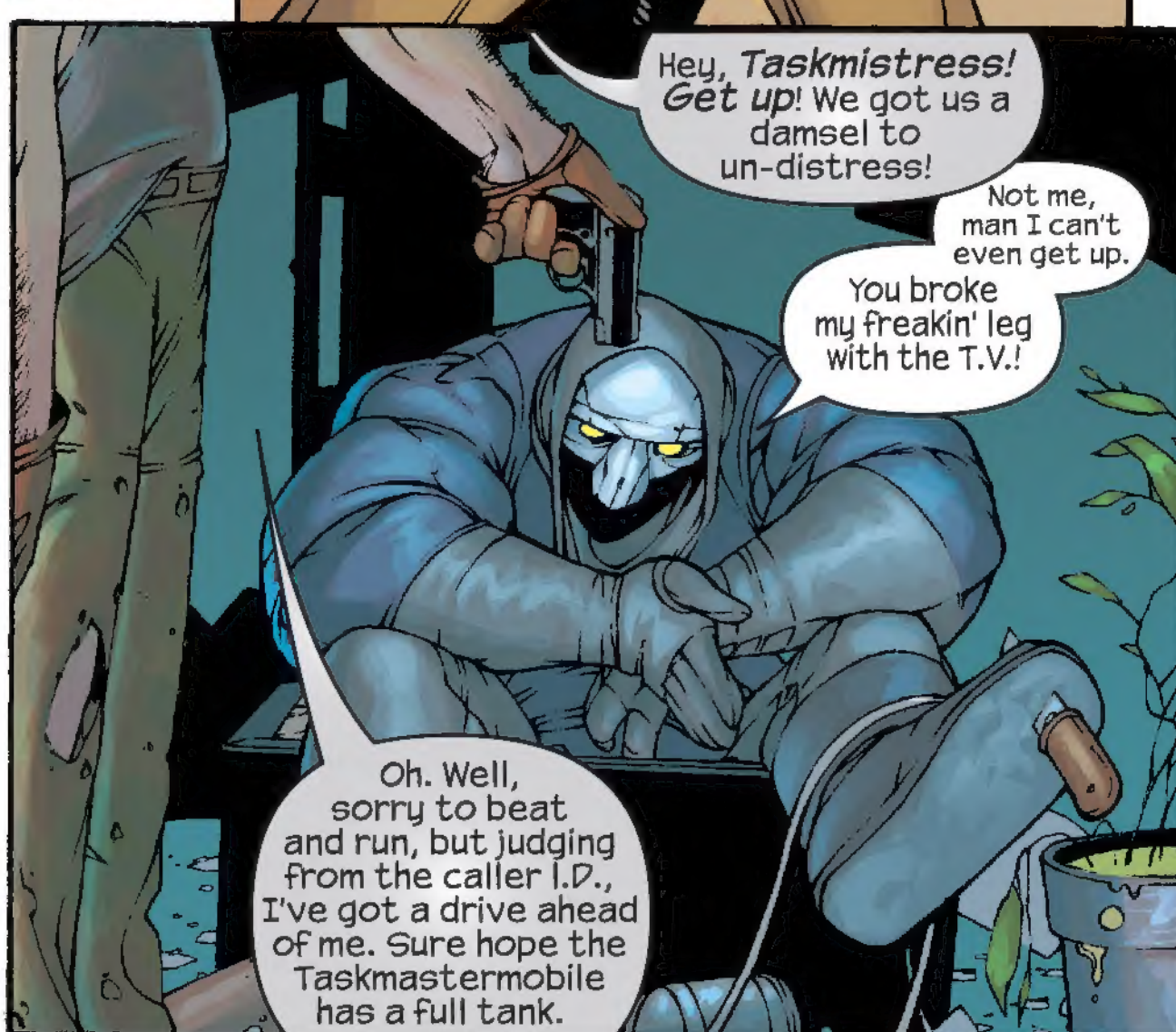


Alex, not
now! Listen, I ran
into a problem with
the job - I-I *need*
help--

SKKKZZZZ
Hello?
Alex?

Bad phone!
Ahh, I *knew* I should've
gone for the plan that
covered goat sucker
blood!

FSSSSSS



Hey, *Taskmistress!*
Get up! We got us a
damsel to
un-distress!

Not me,
man I can't
even get up.

You broke
my freakin' leg
with the T.V.!

Oh. Well,
sorry to beat
and run, but judging
from the caller I.D.,
I've got a drive ahead
of me. Sure hope the
Taskmastermobile
has a full tank.



Hey, you
can't take
my--!

SLAM

You're just
lucky I was half
in the bag *celebratin'*,
Alex! Otherwise I'd be
savin' Sandi an' you'd be
lying here with--

Oh,
good lord,
Kitty! Bglurk!
-choke-!

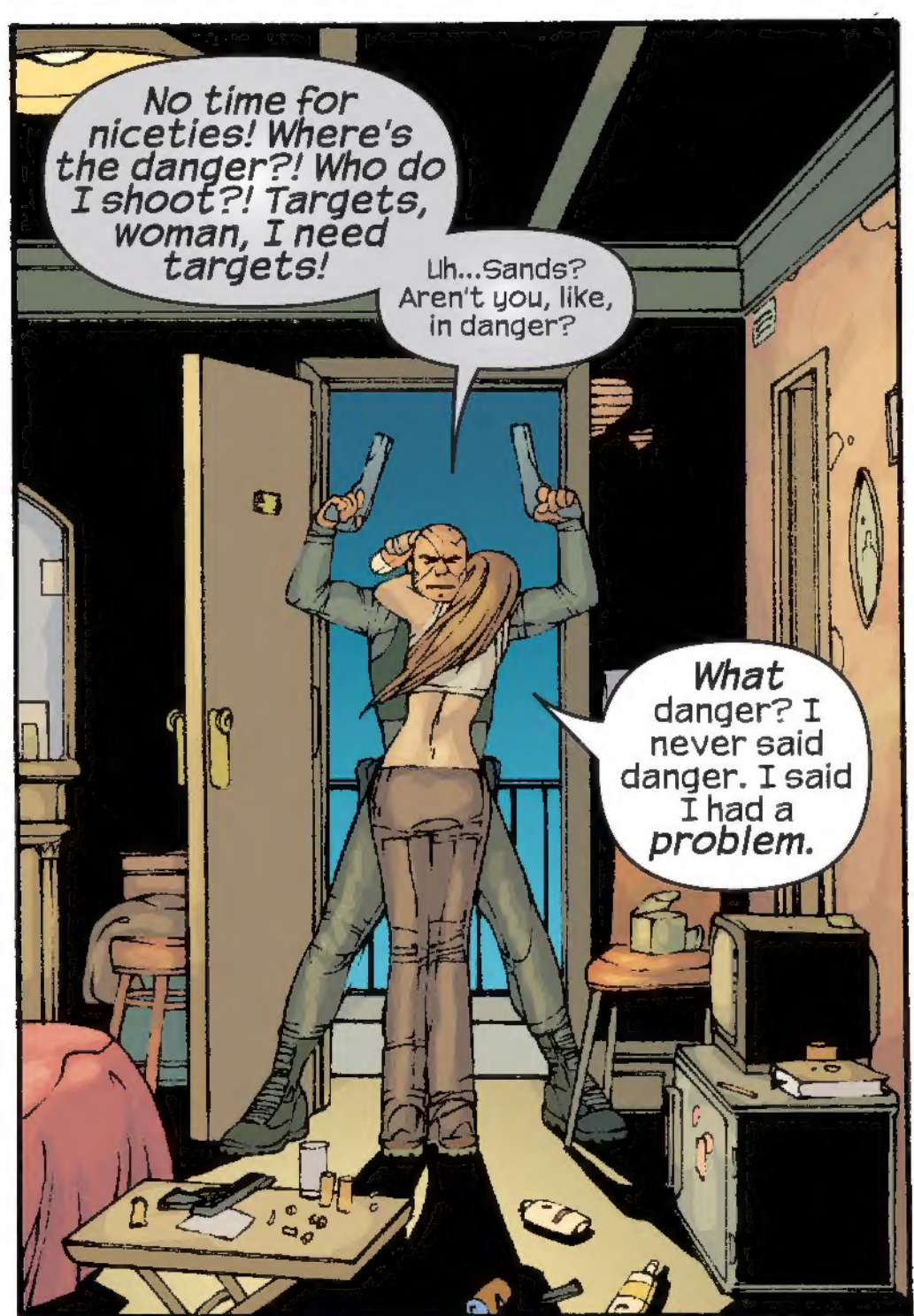
MUNCHETY
-MUNCH!



Four speeding tickets and five unconscious highway patrolmen later...

Oh, Alex-- am I glad to see you!

Delta City 37 miles



No time for niceties! Where's the danger?! Who do I shoot?! Targets, woman, I need targets!

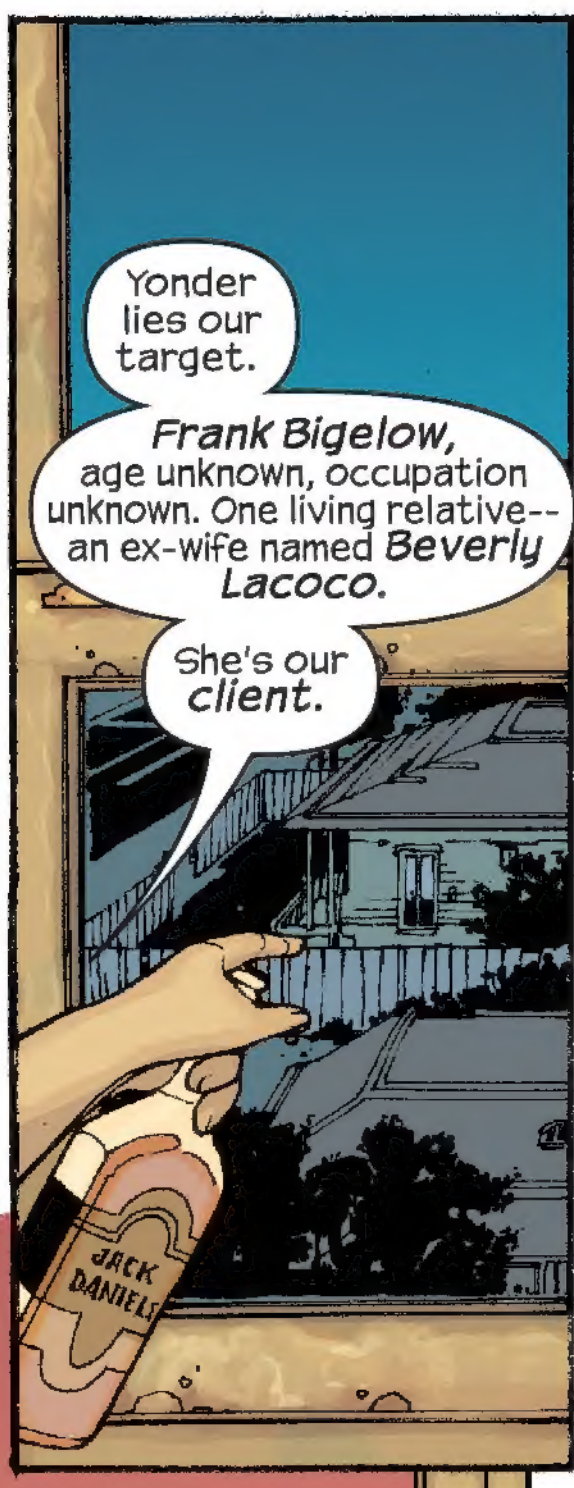
Uh...Sands? Aren't you, like, in danger?

What danger? I never said danger. I said I had a problem.



What?! Are you sure?! Rats. I was really looking forward to shooting someone--

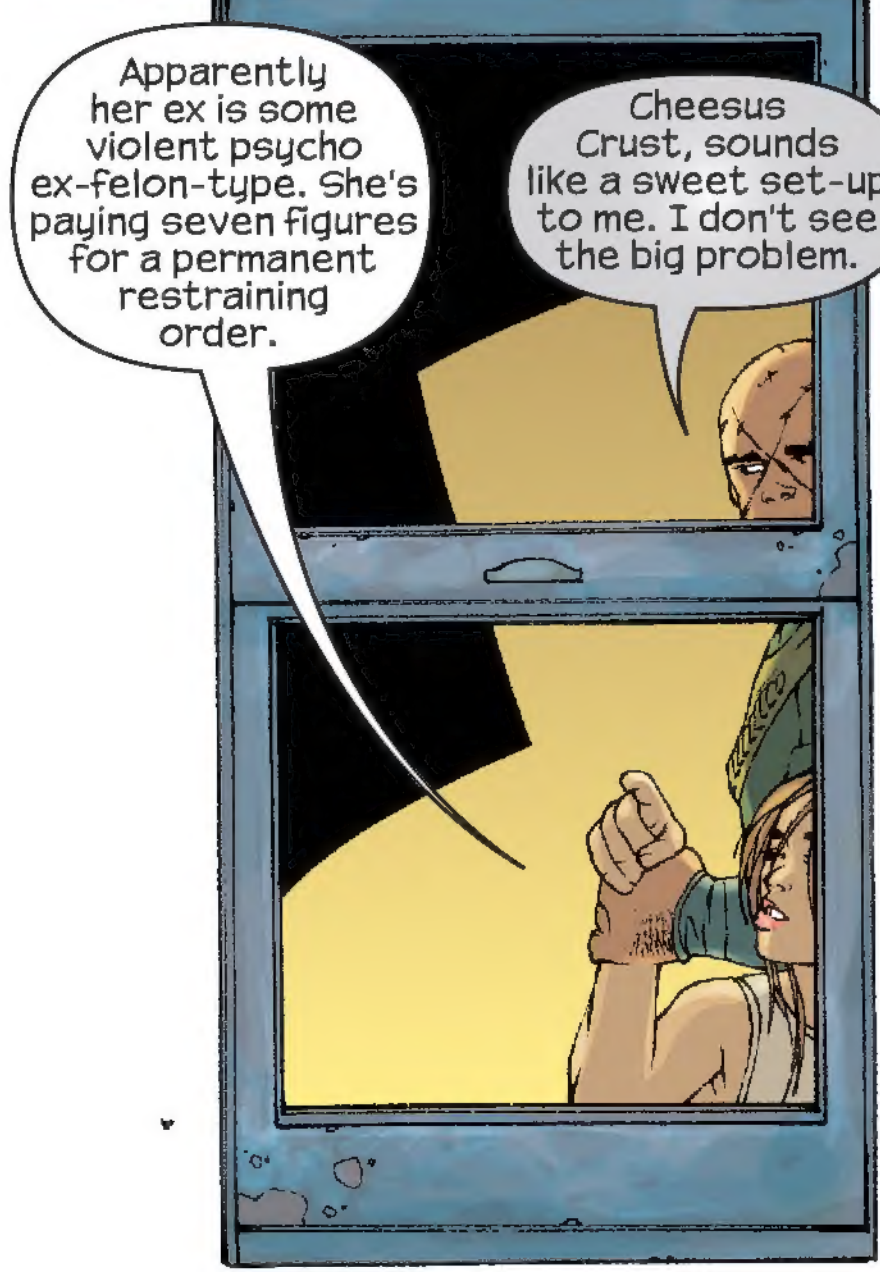
Well, you still can.



Yonder lies our target.

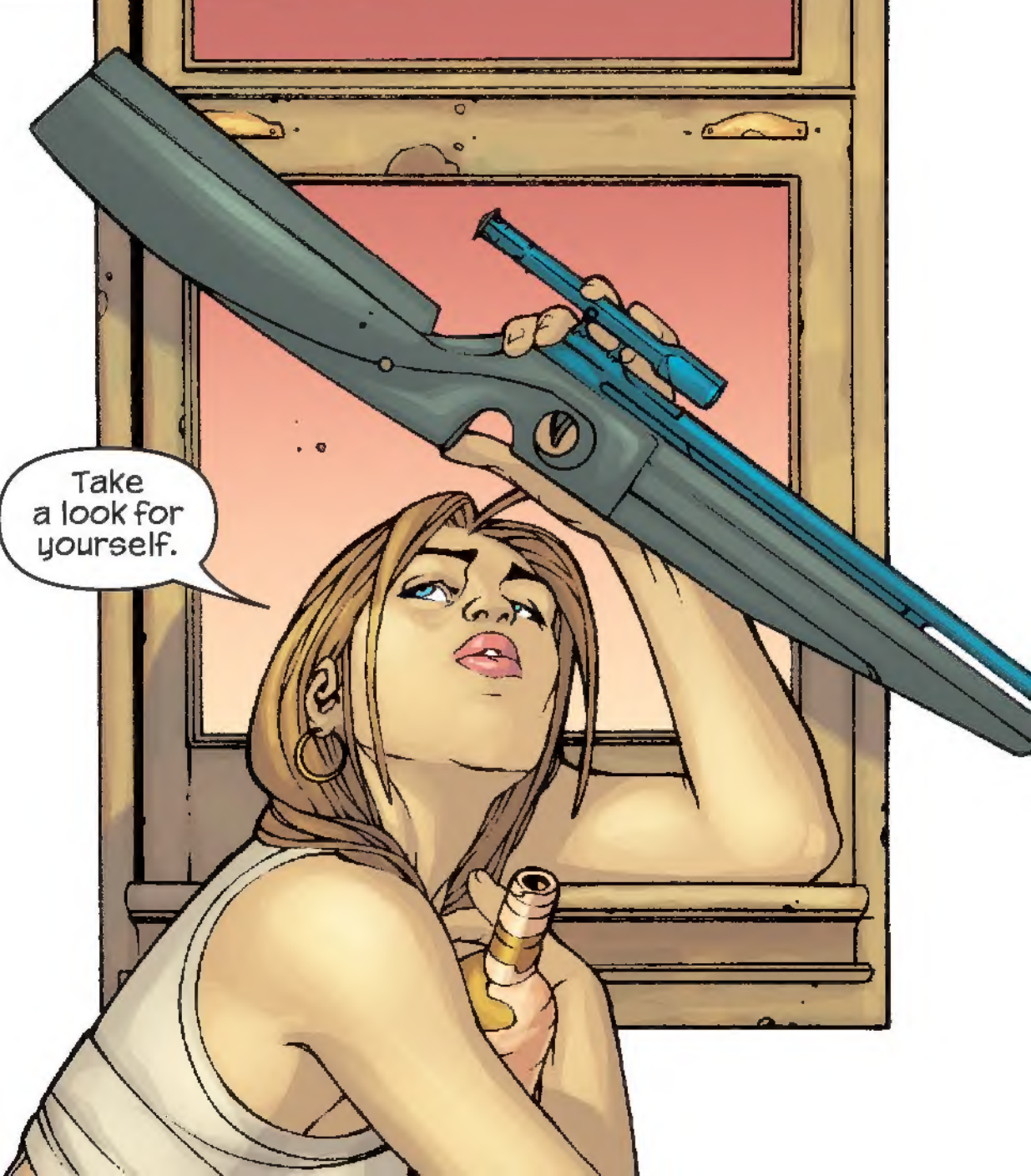
Frank Bigelow, age unknown, occupation unknown. One living relative-- an ex-wife named Beverly Lacoco.

She's our client.



Apparently her ex is some violent psycho ex-felon-type. She's paying seven figures for a permanent restraining order.

Cheesus Crust, sounds like a sweet set-up to me. I don't see the big problem.



Take a look for yourself.

Look at him! Have you ever seen anything so *pathetic*?

I mean, he's sleeping with a *teddy bear*, for God's sake!



I just couldn't do it. I *locked*, I got *loaded*, and I *still* couldn't do it.

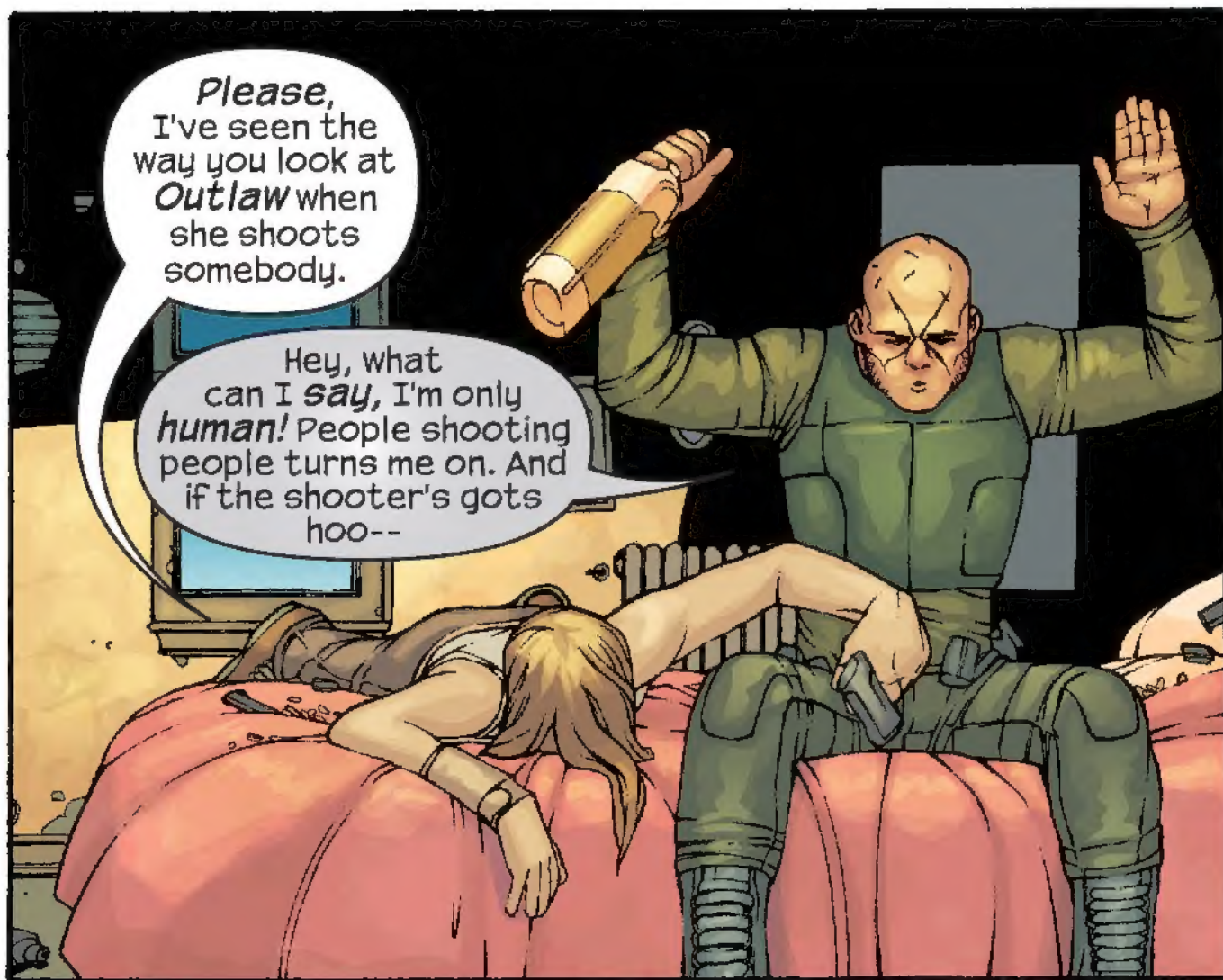
I'm sorry, Alex. I really wanted to show you I could keep up with those other hottie-shots--

The hoo-wha--? Sandi, what are you *talking* about?



Please, I've seen the way you look at *Outlaw* when she shoots somebody.

Hey, what can I *say*, I'm only *human*! People shooting people turns me on. And if the shooter's got hoo--



Ooooh, I *knew* it! God, I feel so *stupid*! Why *can't* I just *murder* someone in cold blood!?!

Would you calm down, crazy lady? *Here*, I'll do it.



Oh, Alex, thank you! I *swear* I'll whack the next one, whoever it is. A kid, a nun...



Wh-what's the matter? Did he get up to use the can?

No, it's-- it's that damned *teddy bear*! He keeps looking at me with those big shiny shoe-button eyes!



Tell you what. How about we do it *together*? That way we can both share the guilt afterwards.

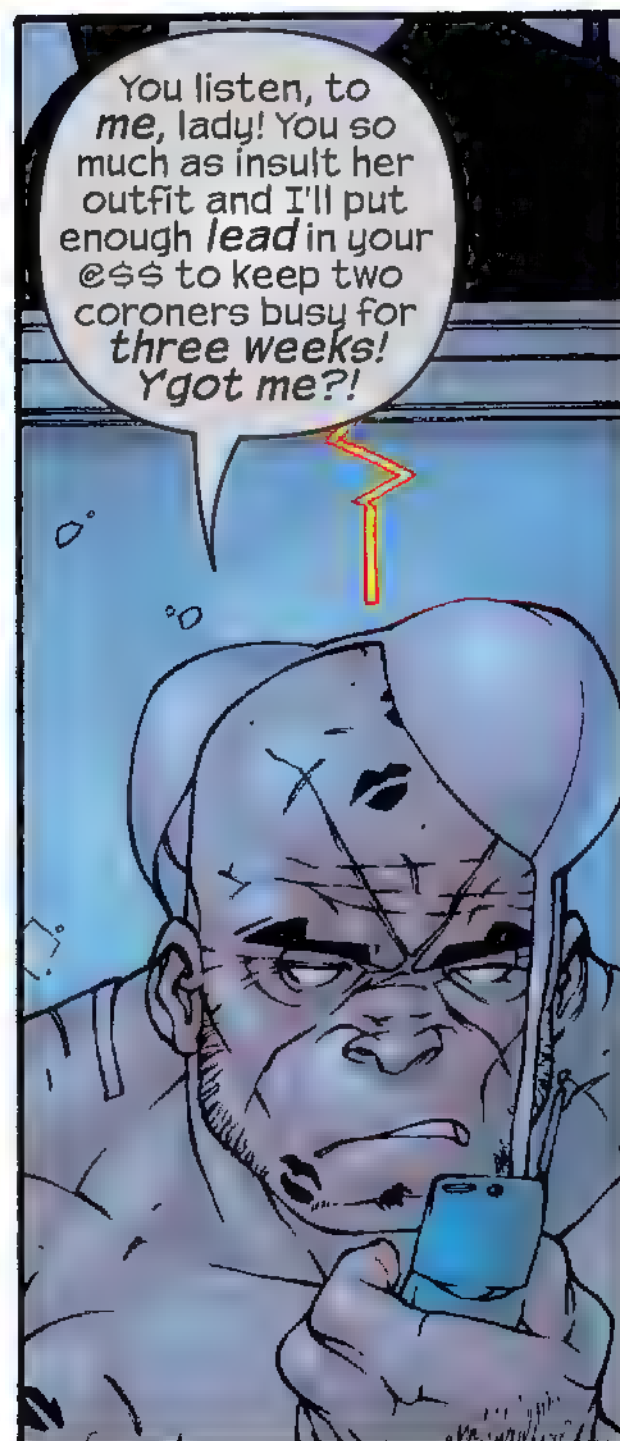
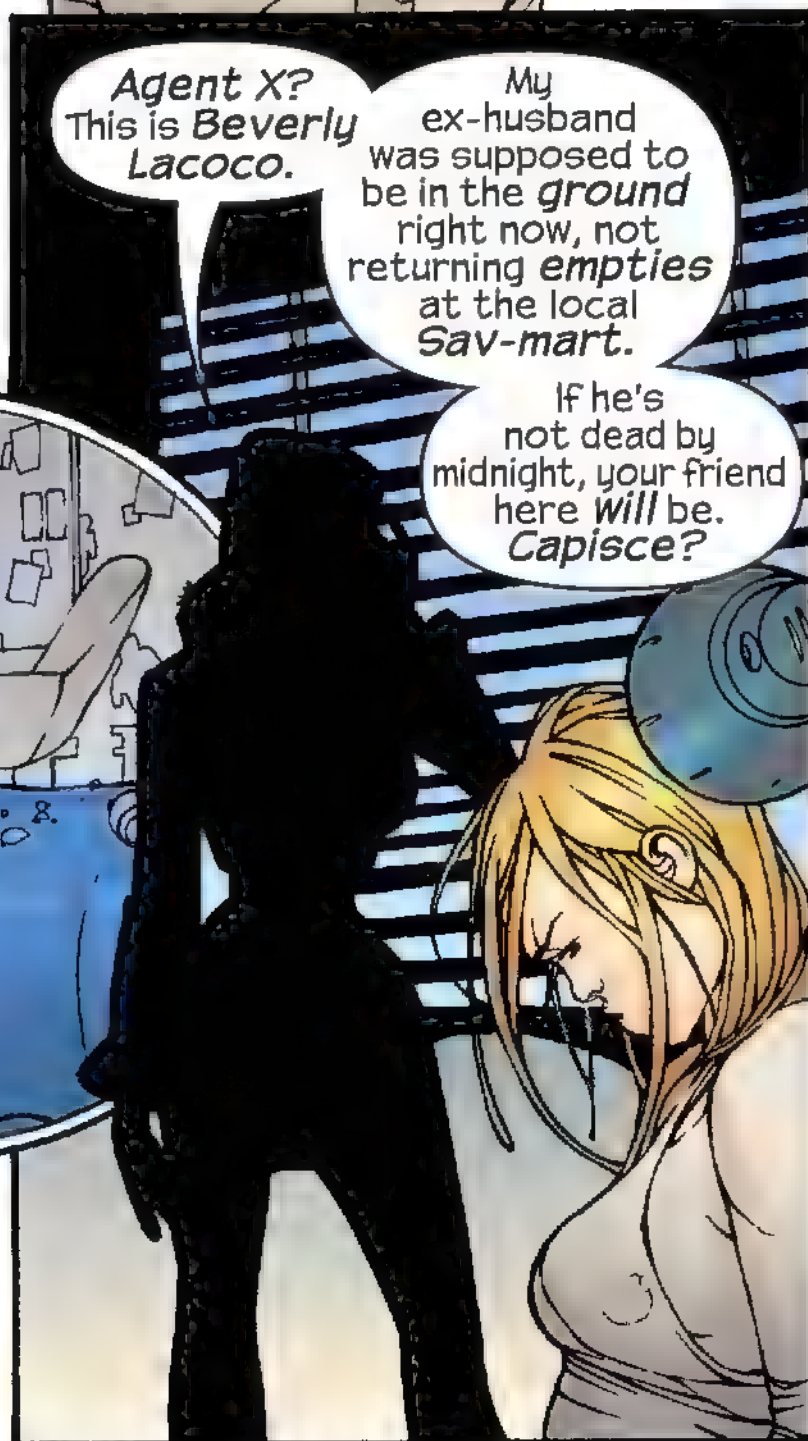
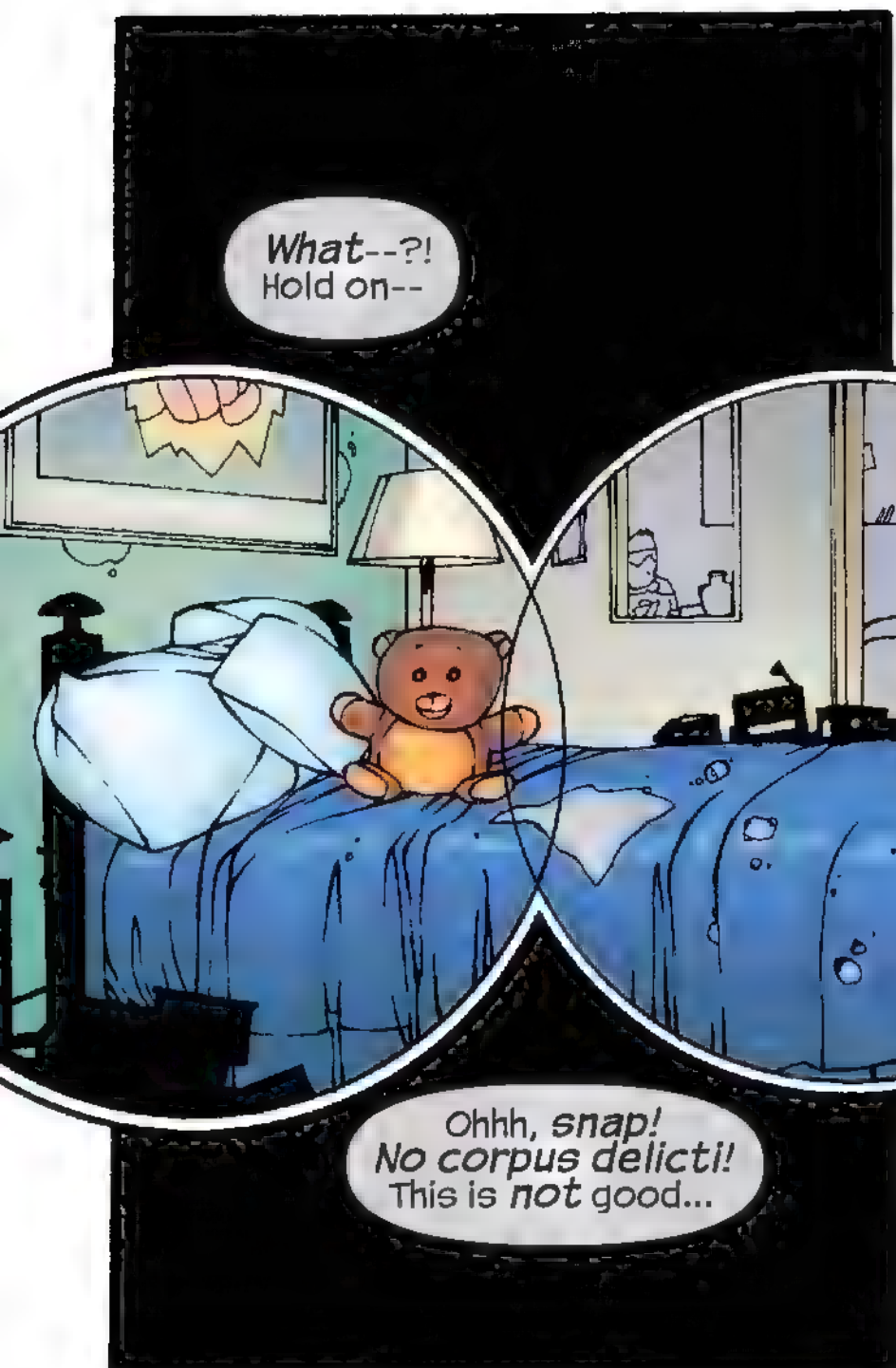
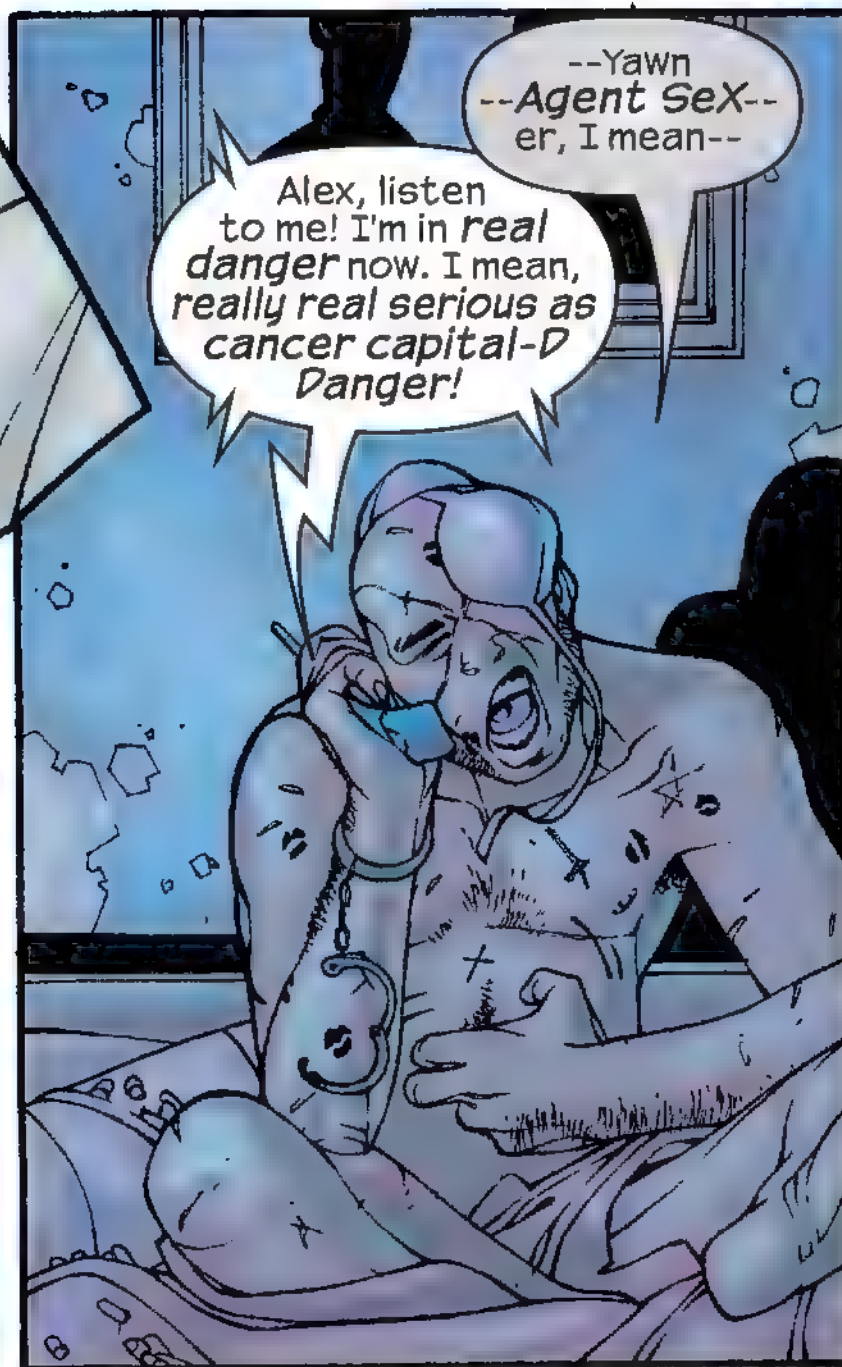
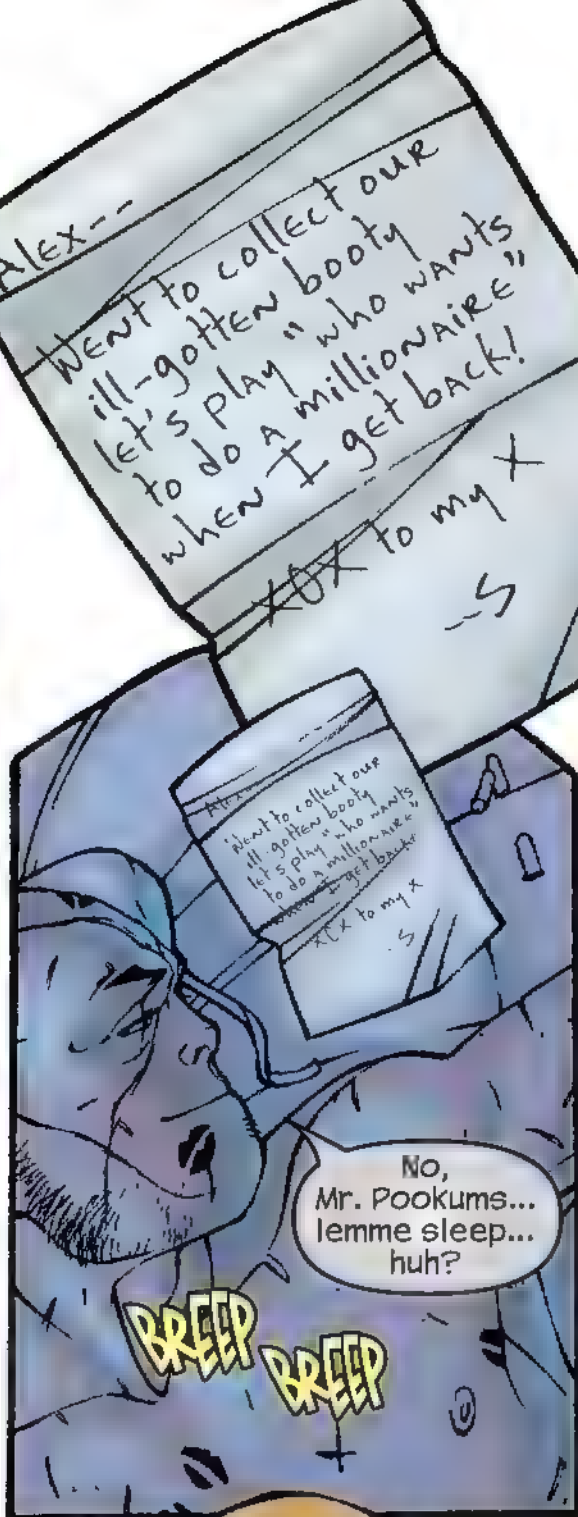
Really? You *mean* it? Oh, Alex, I'd love to!

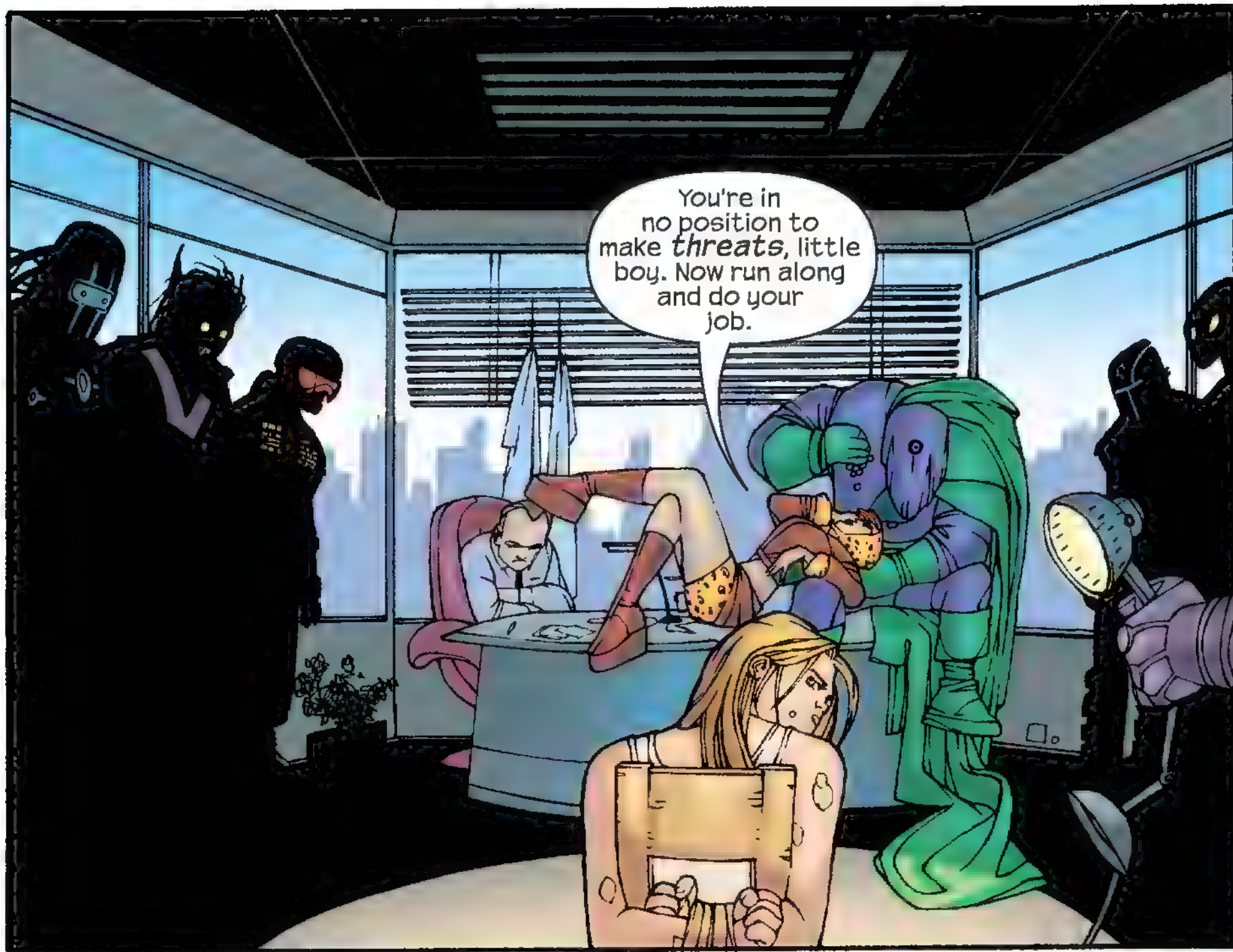




I'm just fine.









Mr. Troublesome's Troublewrench? The Polka Doctor's hypno-hate wheel? What the hell is all this junk!?

Eh --?

K-CHAKK



Huh--?

Frank Bigelow!
For the sake of my sex life - you must die!

No, wait--!

BARRRRTTT

FAP

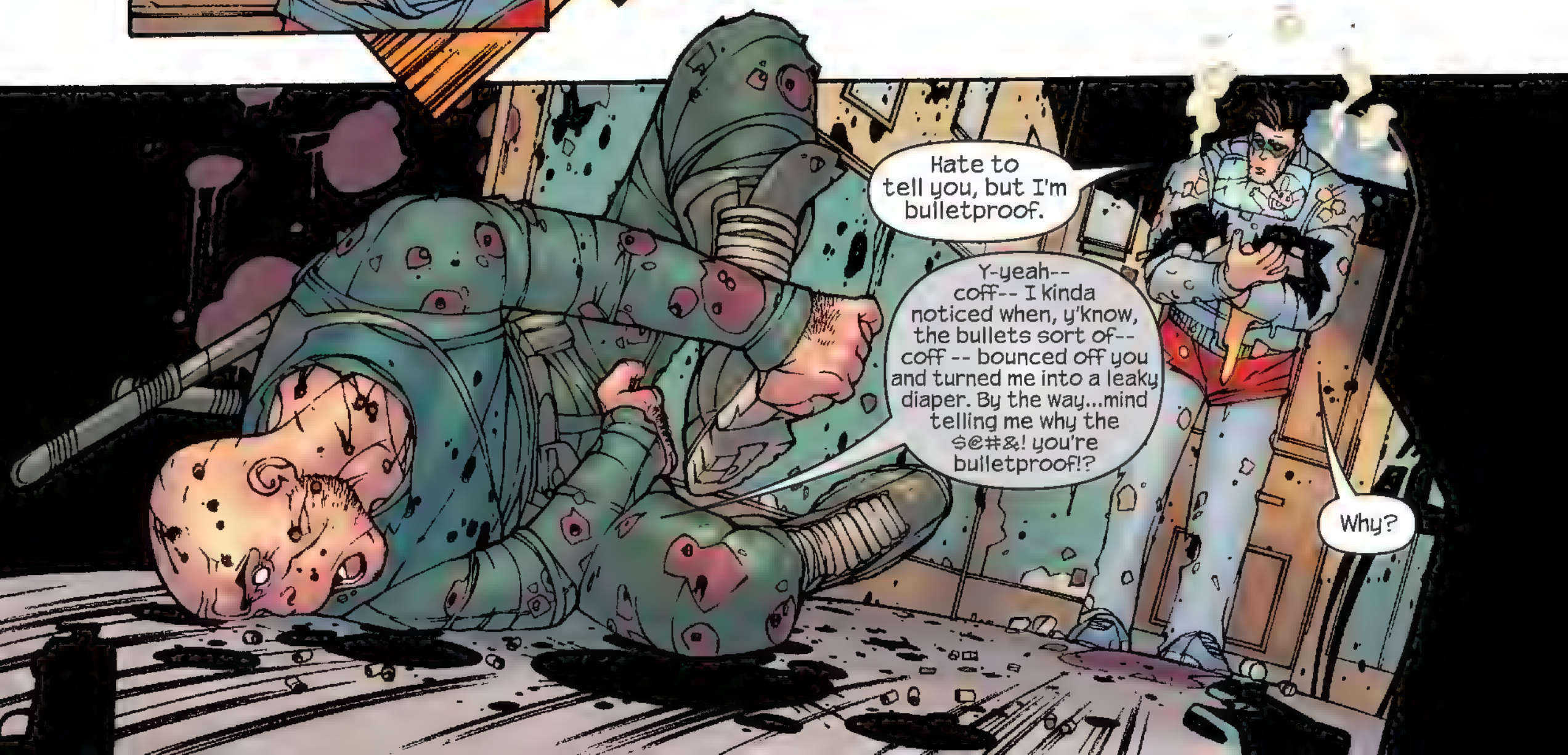
FAP

FUP

THAP

THAP

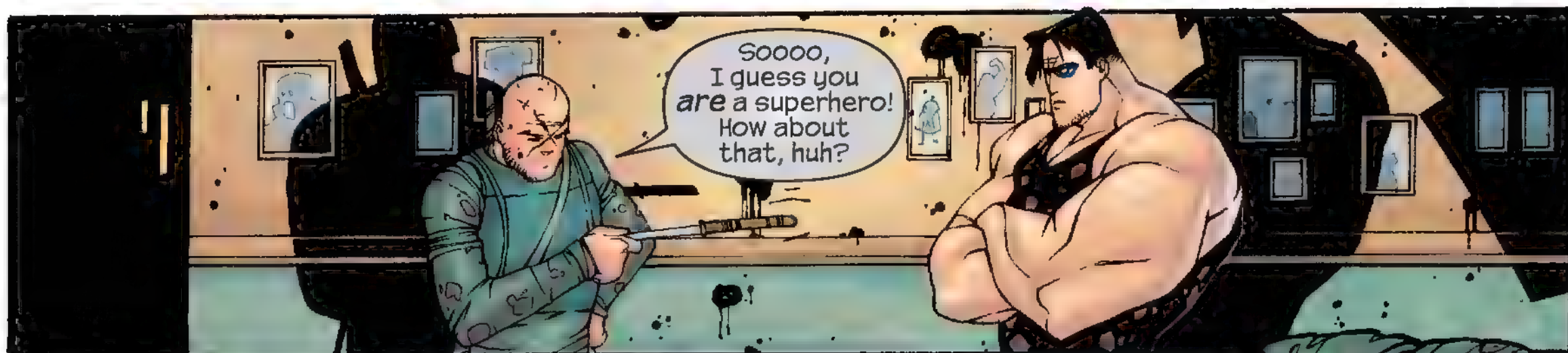
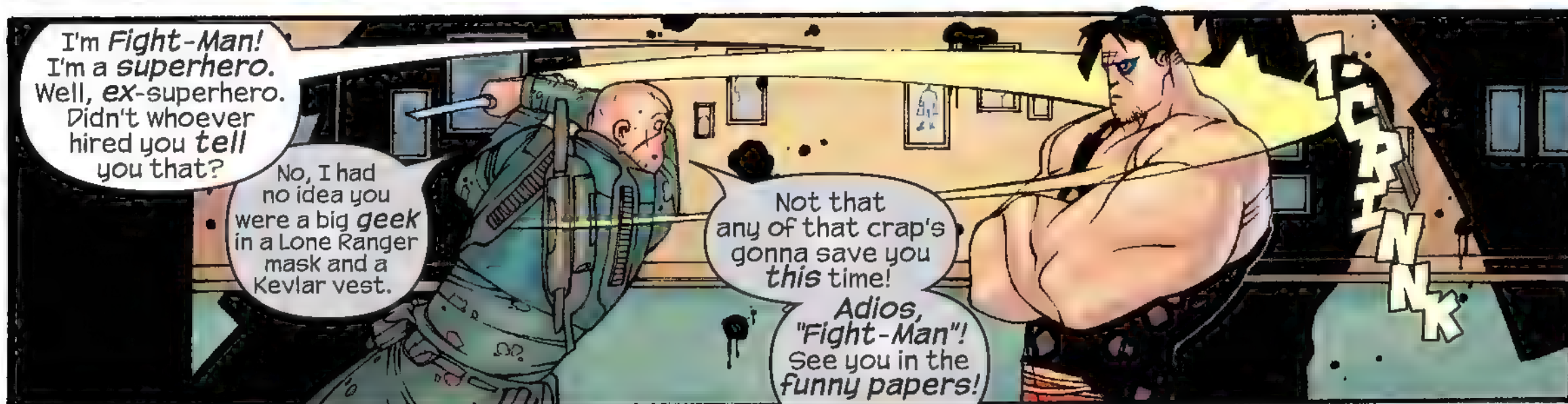
Ooh! Ahh!
Ack! Yipe!
Ouch!



Hate to tell you, but I'm bulletproof.

Y-yeah--
coff-- I kinda noticed when, y'know, the bullets sort of--
coff -- bounced off you and turned me into a leaky diaper. By the way...mind telling me why the s@#&! you're bulletproof!?

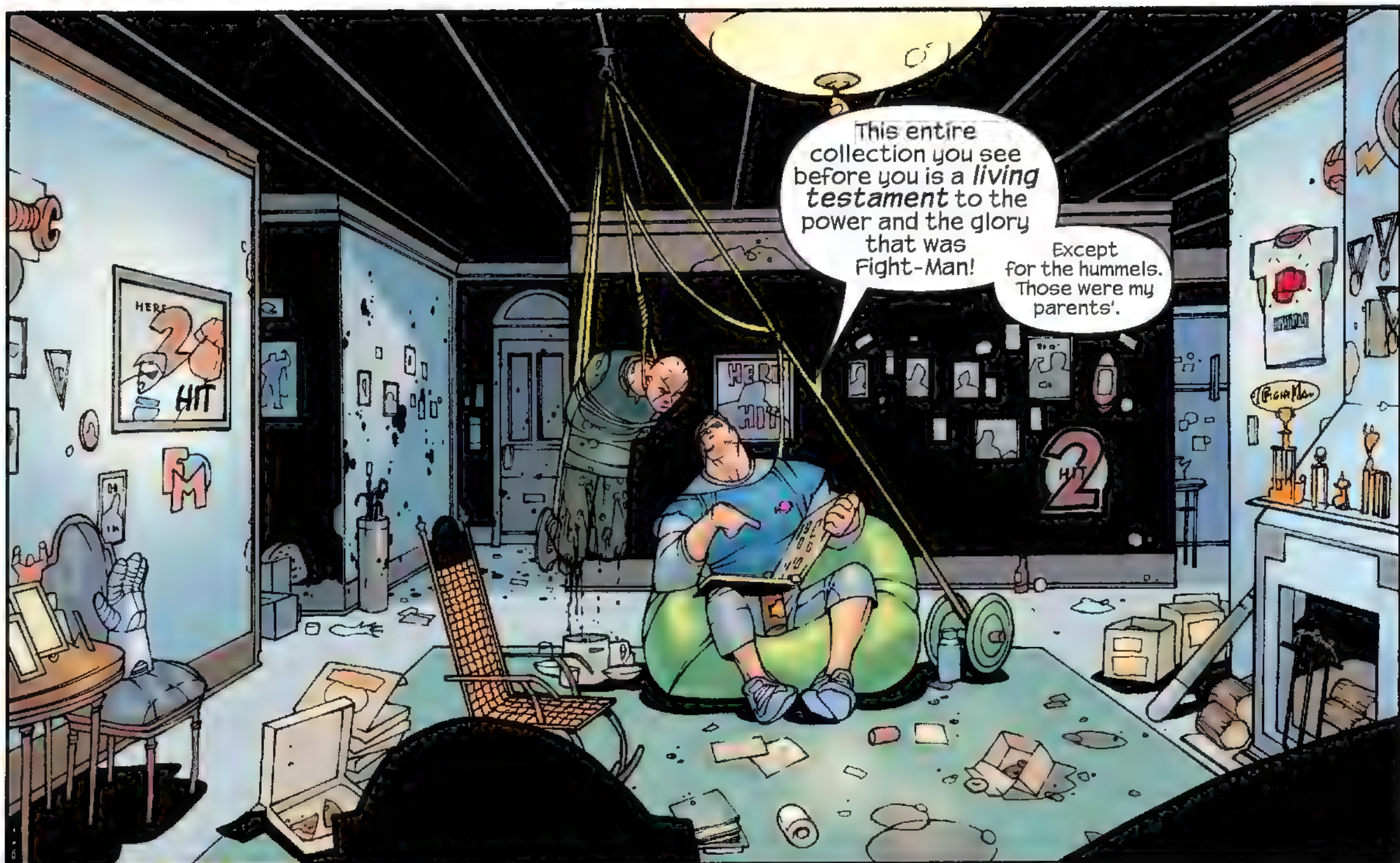
Why?





See? I kicked all their evil @\$\$es up and down Delta City! Even the ones that didn't have @\$\$es

Then I took their stuff to sell it on E-Bay!



This entire collection you see before you is a *living testament* to the power and the glory that was Fight-Man!

Except for the hummels. Those were my parents'.



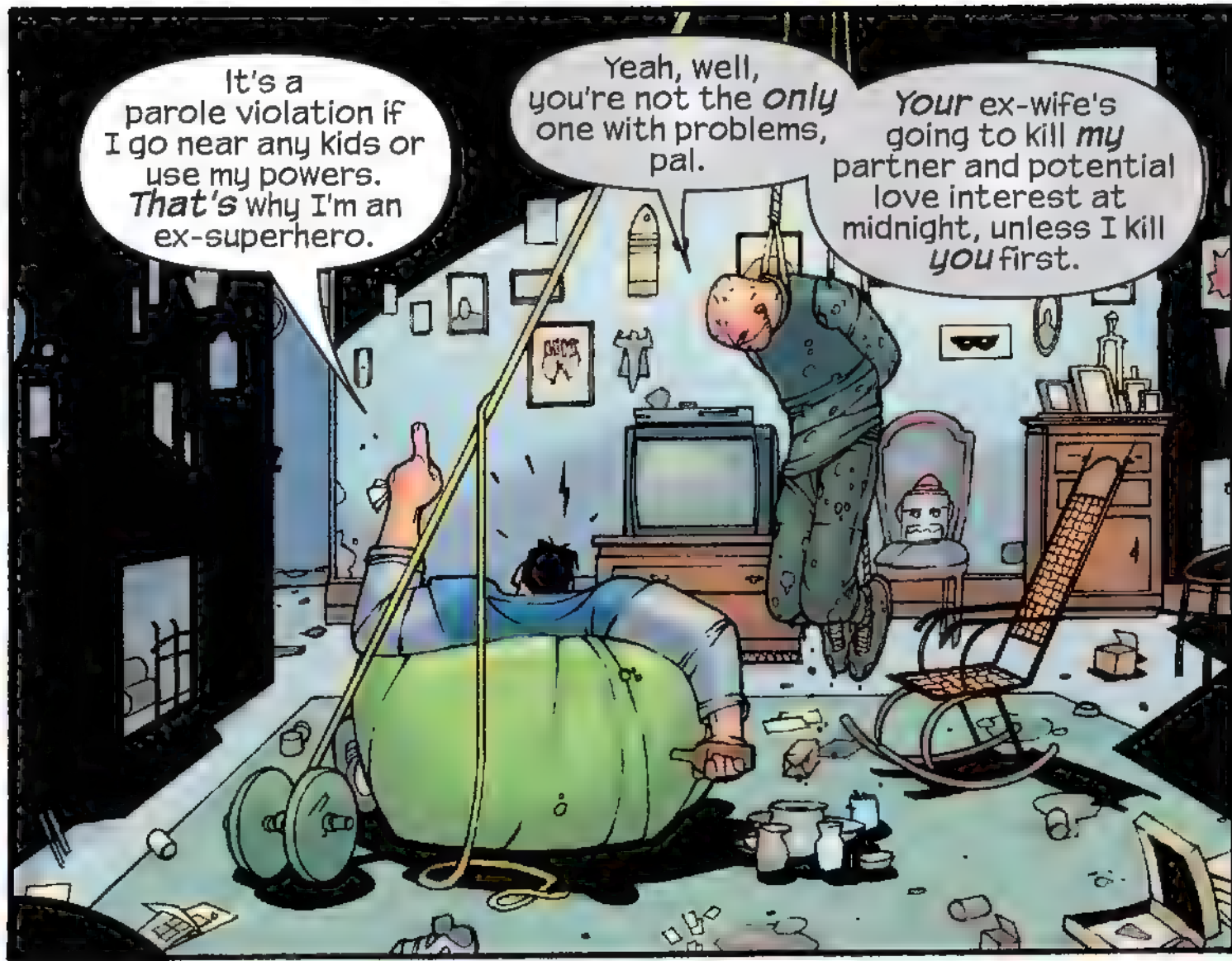
So, hotshot, how come you're not a superhero any more? Lose your license?

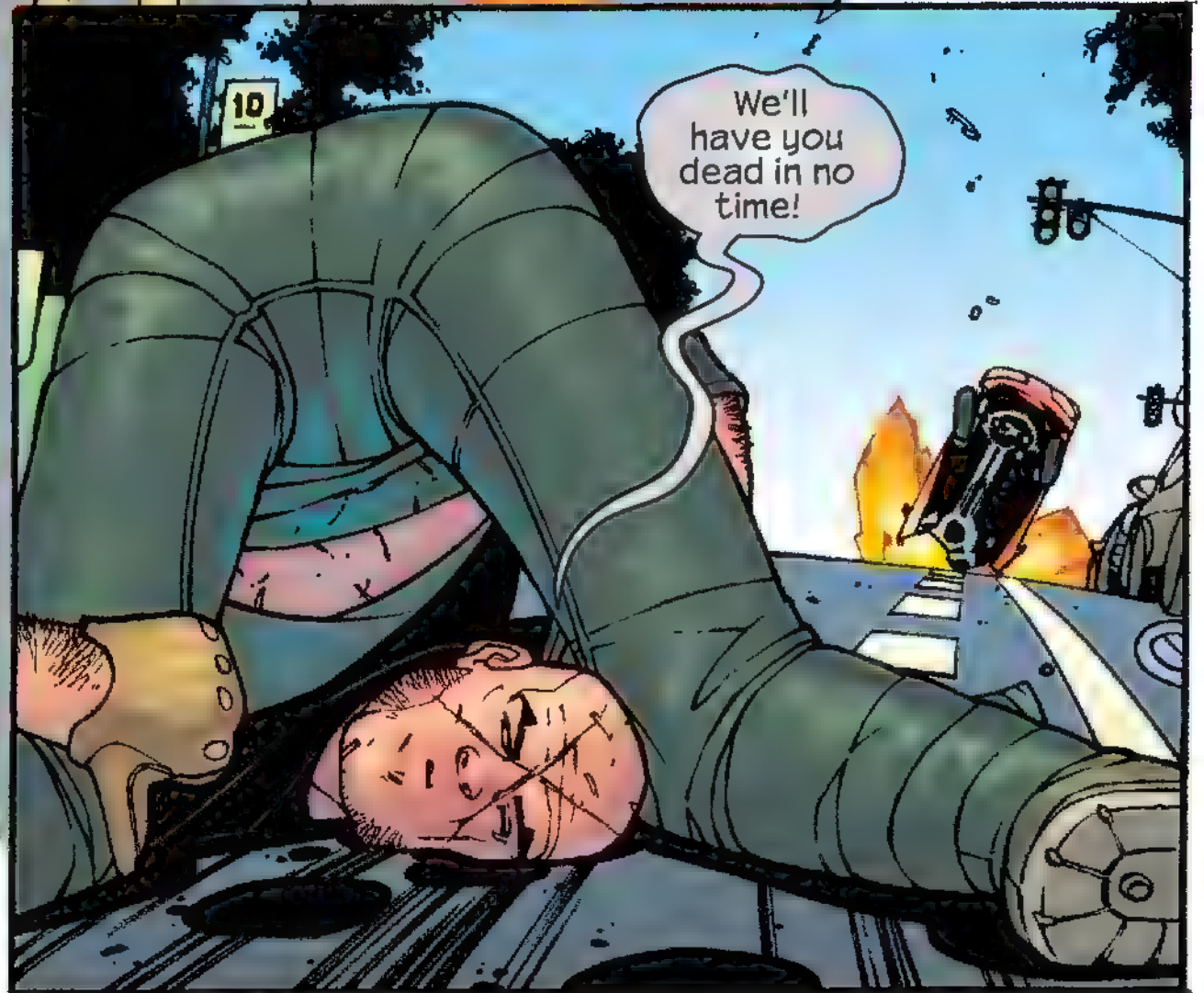
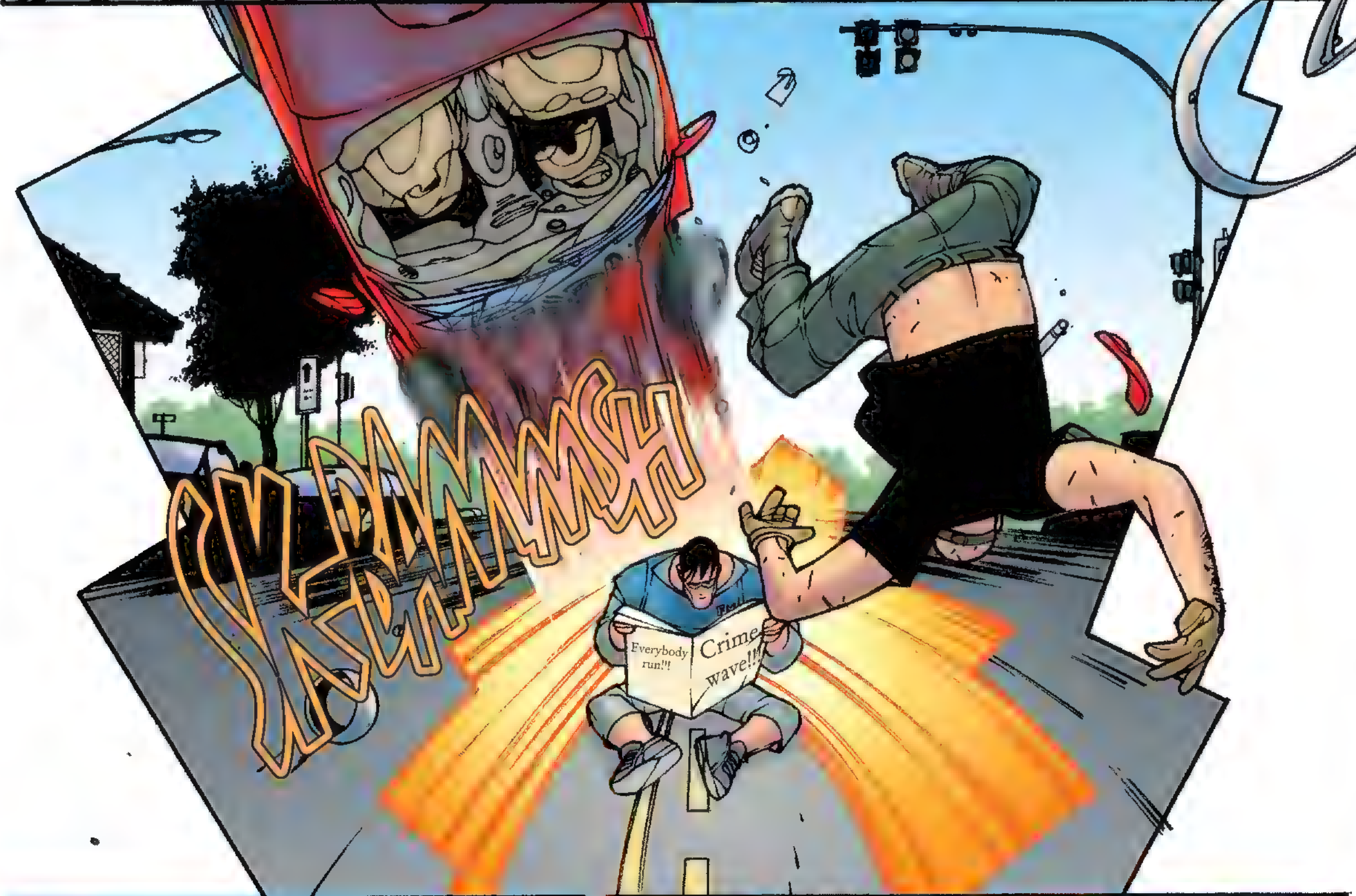
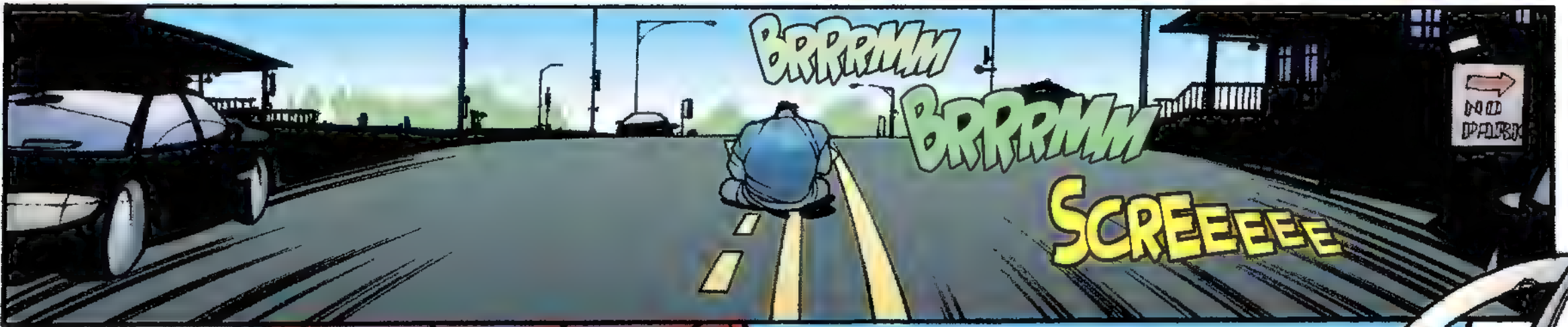
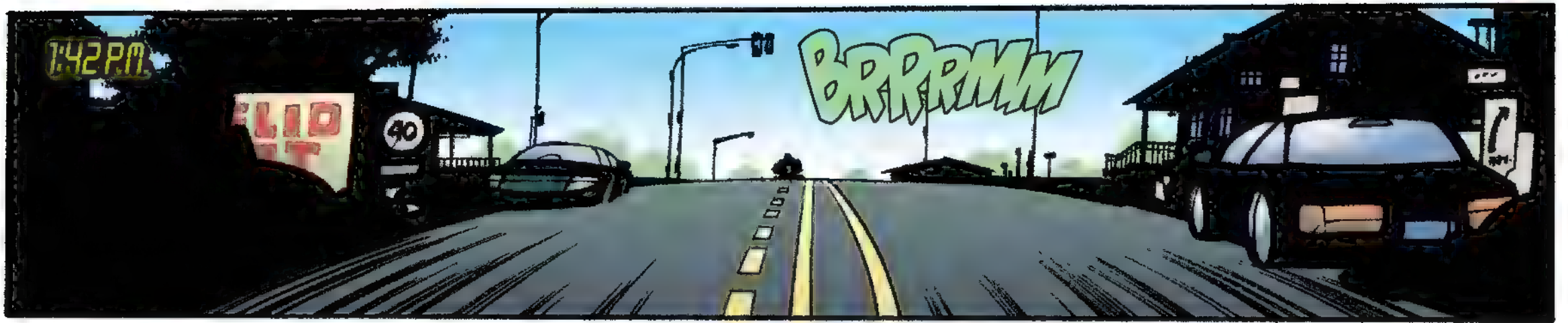
Well...I, uh, kind of went to prison.

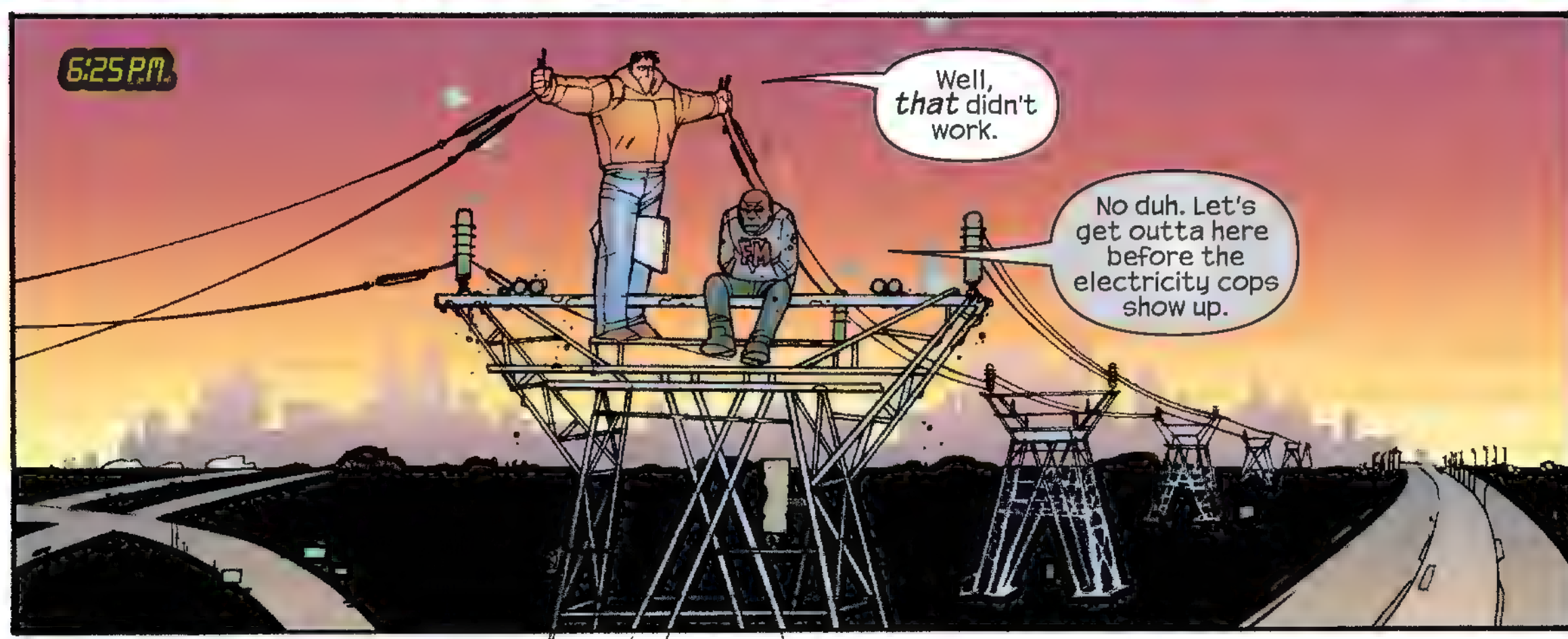
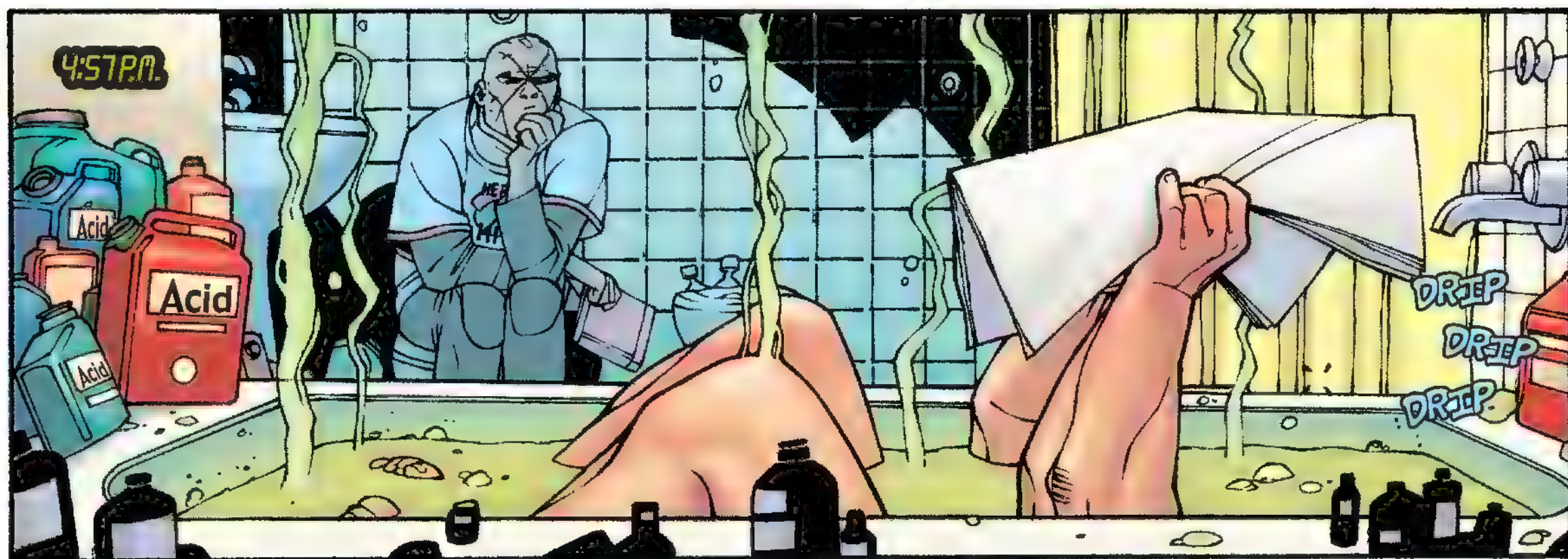
Wicked! What for, steroid abuse?

Nah, nothing like that. Basically some people got all *bent out of shape* after fourteen of my teen sidekicks got killed.

I mean, *hell*, things happen when you fight crime, am I right?











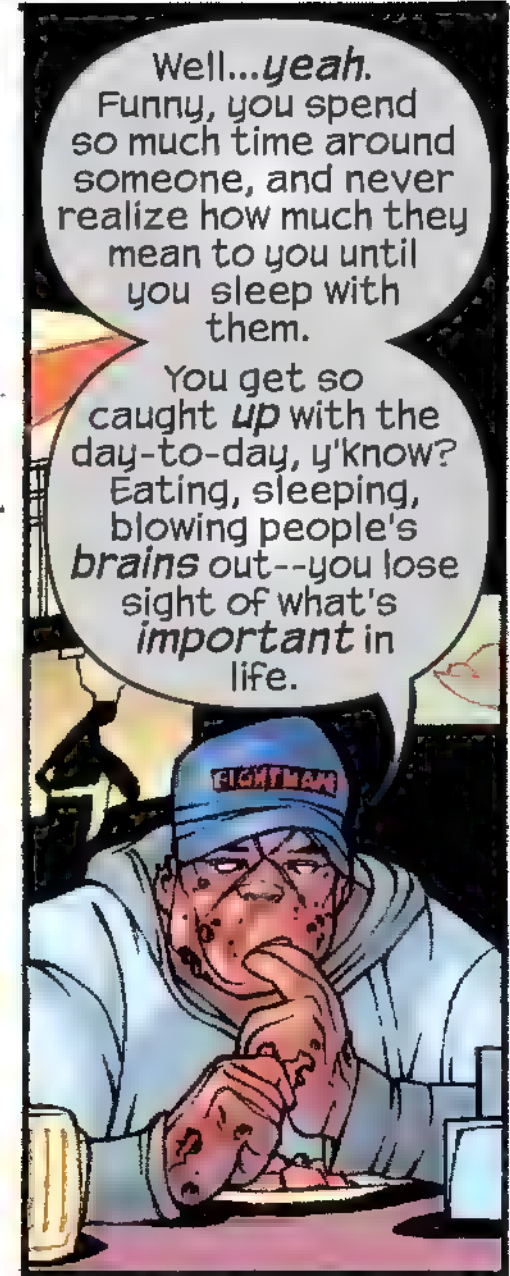
--all I know is one day, I woke up with super-powers, and ever *since* then nothing's gone right for me.



I mean, my life *sucked* before that, but now it sucks more *powerfully*, y'know?

I can *imagine*. Being around you is more dangerous than riding *shotgun* with *Dirty Harry*. I'd walk from this mess if it wasn't for Sandi.

She means a lot to you, huh?



Well...*yeah*. Funny, you spend so much time around someone, and never realize how much they mean to you until you sleep with them.

You get so caught *up* with the day-to-day, y'know? Eating, sleeping, blowing people's *brains* out--you lose sight of what's *important* in life.

Well, you know what they say. "Life's a *bitch*."



Yeah. And so's my ex.



Well, Frank, we'd best get going if we want to bury you by midnight.

Garcon! Le cheque du crap, por favor!

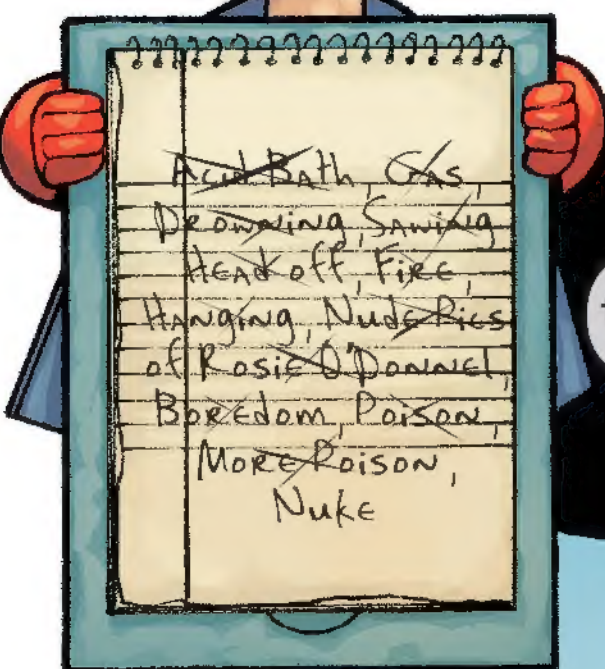
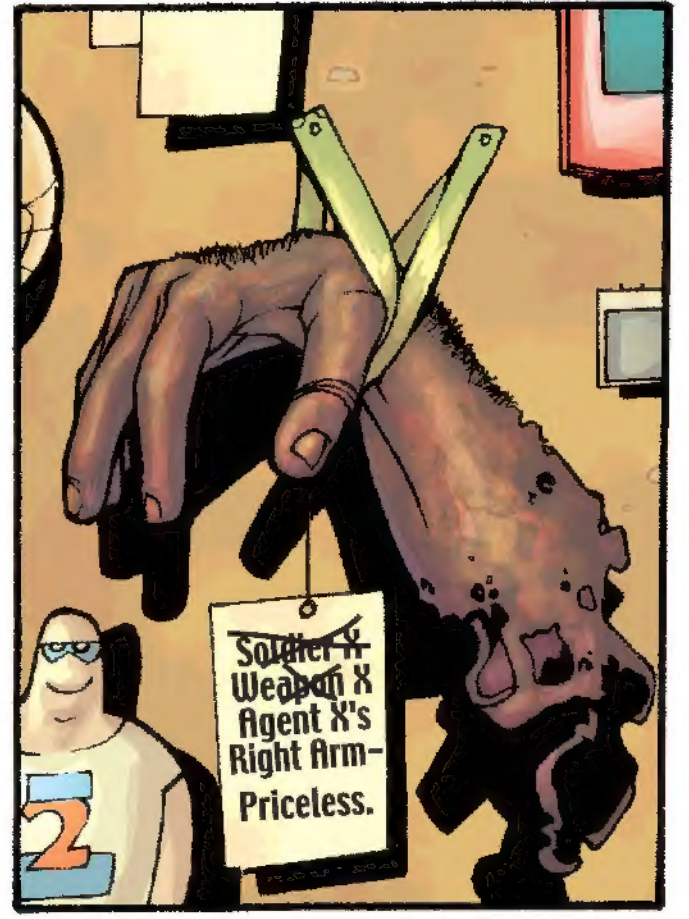
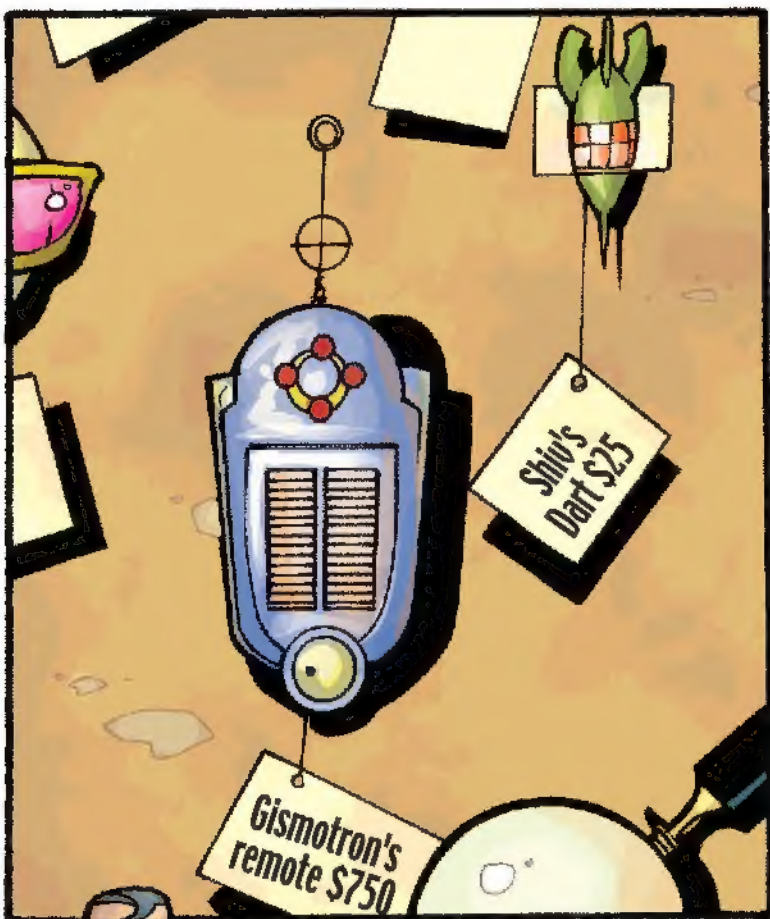




You okay?

Who, me? Never been better.

Do me a favor, though, huh? Help me find my arm?



Was that a death belch?

-BUURRRRRP-!

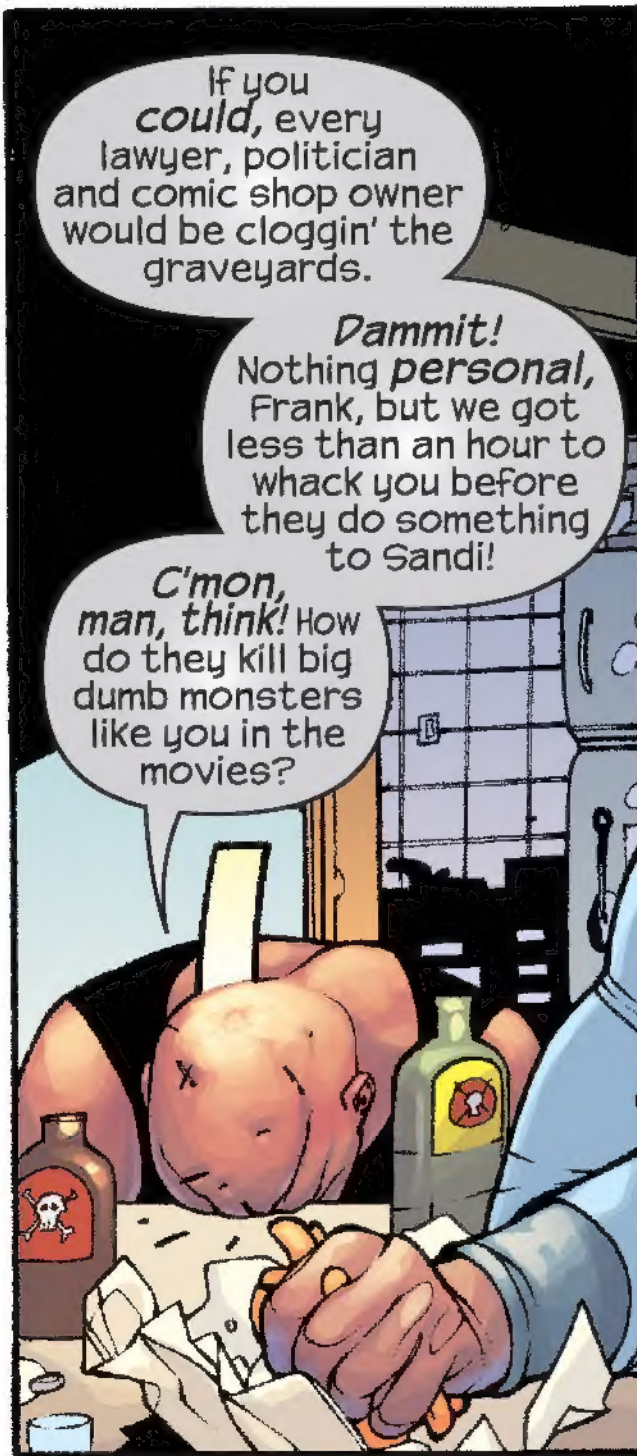
Nah. I just feel lousy. Can you die from lousiness?



If you could, every lawyer, politician and comic shop owner would be cloggin' the graveyards.

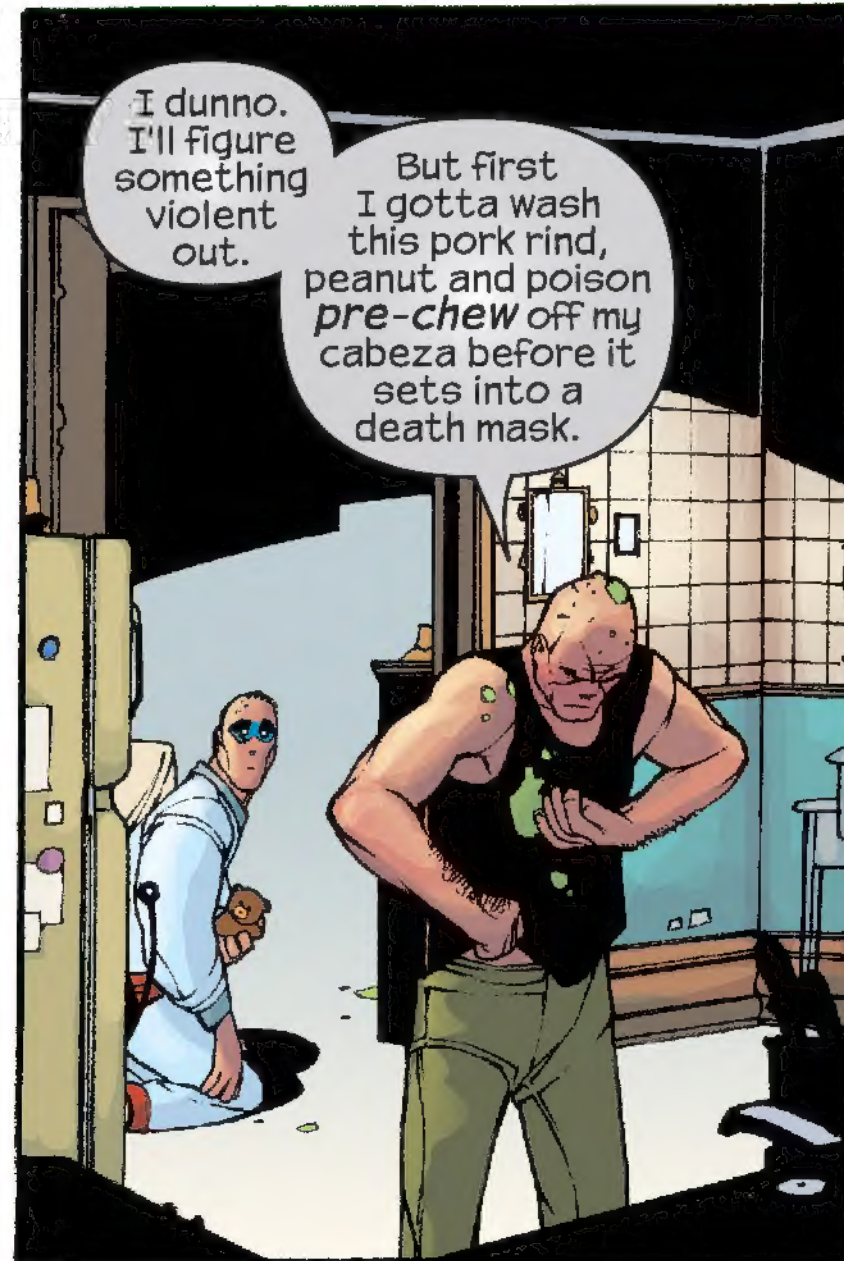
Dammit! Nothing personal, Frank, but we got less than an hour to whack you before they do something to Sandi!

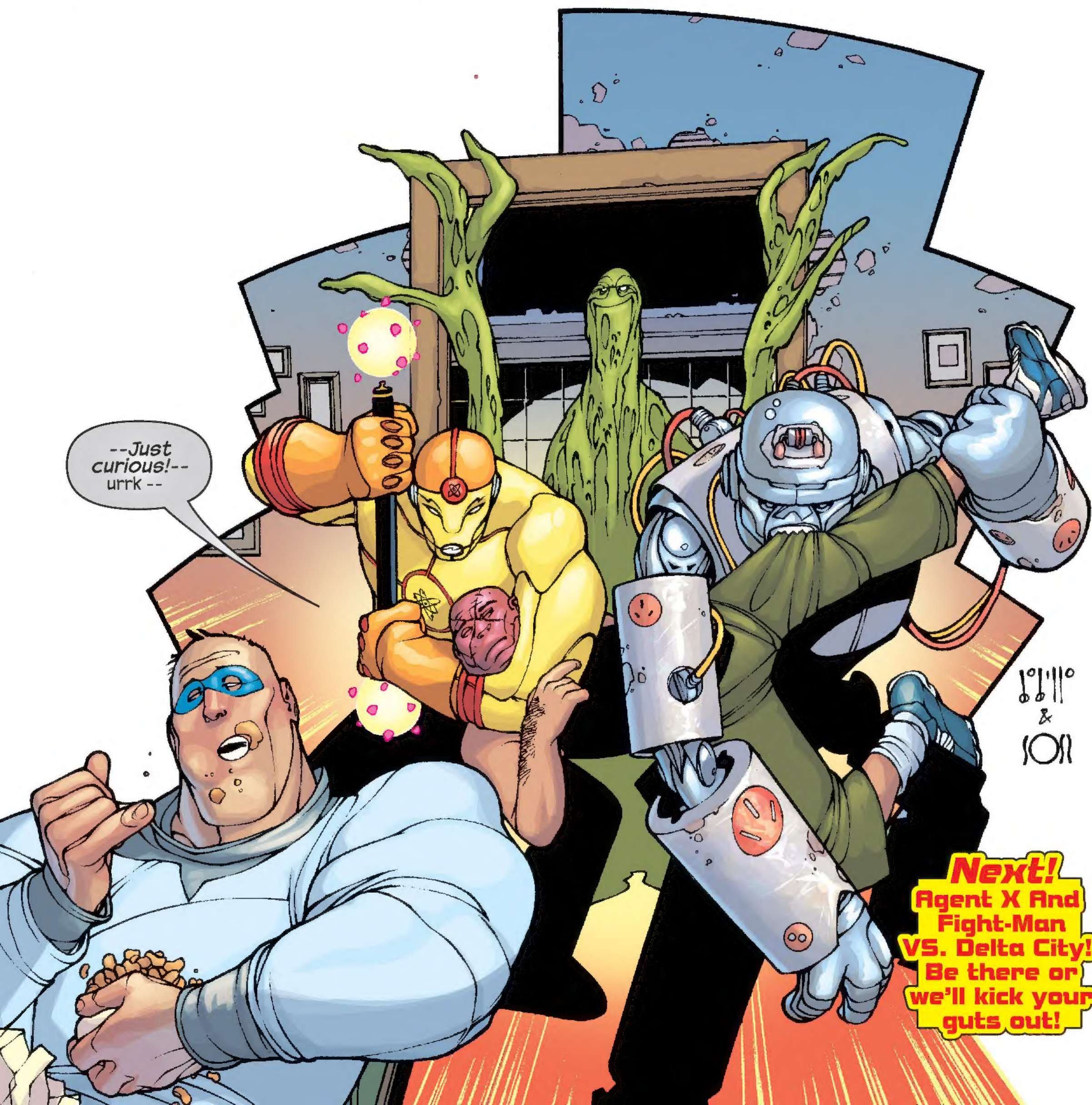
C'mon, man, think! How do they kill big dumb monsters like you in the movies?



-Crunch -
Bey **don't**. Guyv rike me awways come back inna sequel. Y'know, - kkrunch - **Govvilla, Fankenfein, Feddie Kreuu -ahoo--ahukk - !! -gaaak -!!**









MINUTEMEN

Bluntman